

IN THE
MORNING
OF THE
WORLD

JANETTE SEBRING LOWREY

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IN THE MORNING
OF THE WORLD



IN THE MORNING OF THE WORLD

Some of the Greek Myths

Retold by

JANETTE SEBRING LOWREY



*Do not the Lovers of Poetry like to
have a little Region to wander in?*

John Keats, in a letter to
Benjamin Riley

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
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*To my youngest nephews,
Dick Major and Edgar Ellis*

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Preface

*In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now.*
Robert Browning—*Pippa Passes*

ONE OF THE FIRST BOOKS GIVEN ME IN MY childhood was a collection of stories from the Greek mythology. It was a small, unpretentious volume with no illustrations, bound in plain green cloth, and it was so beloved and the children of the family spent so many hours in the perusal and reperusal of it that it finally fell to pieces. There was not a shred of it left for our high school days. By that time, however, it had not only afforded us untold pleasure, but had bestowed upon us a certain practical advantage as well: never afterward were we at a loss for information concerning the characteristics and functions of the gods of Ancient Greece. They had become our cherished acquaintances, and we greeted them almost as familiars when they appeared, however briefly or allusively, in the chapters of our later reading.

Many stirring and tragic events have taken place since the days when that little book disappeared, page by loosened page, into the spacious, unrecoverable past. From a somewhat obvious point of view it would seem

that the one-time possession of so small and fanciful a collection of tales could have but little real significance today. And yet there come times even now when once again I feel the light pressure of its worn covers against my hand and see, rising from its pages, a succession of noble figures moving in a noble world, bathed in their own calm, golden radiance. They are old friends, those figures, and their appearance, momentary and evasive as it is, brings with it reassurance. Time moves slowly after all, and what is beautiful will never die.

The very name of that little book is lost to me. I cannot give it to other children of this new and later age. I could not remake it any more than I could reassume the eager, unburdened spirit that absorbed its wonders. But, remembering it, I have made this a small book, not an anthology, and one that tells stories of the Olympian gods.

The pattern of this book, if it can be said to have one, is based rather broadly upon the association of two ideas: Prometheus and Psyche, the flame and the spirit, the dream and its fulfillment. Otherwise it is a book of beginnings. There are stories of the birth and infancy of several of the gods, stories of the establishment of shrines, allegories of the struggle of man with the elements, the stories of Pandora, Persephone, and the giants, all of which are, in their several ways, beginnings. There are, besides, the five brief stories of legendary, gifted human beings, the physician, the poet, the mason, the musician, and the artist, in order to illustrate the idea in terms of its results to man.

The stories are the old myths as they have always been told; but I have taken liberties in the selection,

management, and invention of details. The invention, however, is in every case the expansion of suggestions found in the old sources.

In his preface to the *Wonder Book*, Hawthorne says of the myths: "They seem never to have been made; and certainly, so long as man exists, they can never perish; but by their indestructibility itself, they are legitimate subjects for every age to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiment and to imbue with its own morality."

I have taken this for permission and precedent.

J. S. L.

San Antonio, Texas

The World of the Myths

THE PENINSULA OF GREECE EXTENDS SOUTHWARD into the Mediterranean Sea for a distance of almost three hundred miles. It is deeply indented, especially along its eastern coast, with bays and harbors, and the blue waters between it and the mainland of Asia Minor—waters known as the Aegean Sea—are dotted with hundreds of small, beautiful islands. From the west the long, narrow Gulf of Corinth cuts straight across the peninsula to the isthmus, only three and a half miles wide at its narrowest point, separating the country in two parts and making of the southern half something so closely resembling an island that it is called, after one of its early heroes, Pelops' Island, or the Peloponnesus.

It is a region of unusual fascinations. The climate is mild; the air is pure and sparkling; the blue, inviting ocean is never far away; and on every hand the mountains lift themselves into the sky. The mightiest of these peaks, that of Olympus, rises to a height of ten thousand feet; few are less than seven thousand. Many of them are snowcapped. They are mountains of marble and limestone, almost bare of trees, and enchantingly varied in outline and color. The rivers of this moun-

tainous land are often short, bright, shallow, and turbulent. They have their origins in mountain springs or in the melting snows of the heights. Some of them dry up in the warm season; others disappear in the stony earth, only to rise and flow along the surface again a little further on. Still others fill their banks the year around, watering the narrow valleys between the mountains as they have done for ages past.

In the old days there were great forests of pine, oak, ash, and beech, remnants of which may still be found along the lower slopes of some of the mountain ranges. Flowers have always grown here in great profusion, all the loveliest ones: roses, violets, lilies, daffodils, anemones, hyacinths, and dozens more. There are wild fruits and berries in the woods; there are vineyards where the grapes turn purple on the vines, fields of yellow wheat, and great orchards of gray-green olive trees. And in the valleys there are meadows so green that the old writers never speak of them without adding the adjective, grassy. *Grassy Haliartus*: the words in the old poems and chronicles evoke the picture of those meadows between the dark grove of Onchestus and the lake; the meadows where Telphusa's fountain sang to itself between the white stones and the flowers.

This is an ancient land in the history of the world, this land of bright sunshine, mountains, and the sea. Civilizations have developed here, have grown rich and strong, have built great cities and gleaming palaces, and have passed away. Throughout ancient times, travelers sought these shores, minstrels, merchants, soldiers, kings with their invading hordes. From the once lordly

isle of Crete they came, from Egypt, from Phoenicia and Persia and India and the East, from Thrace and all the mysterious North. Many of them stayed to add their blood, their customs, and their legends to the history of the land.

The memories of this country are so old, indeed, that they extend far back into the ages before there was a written record and were first preserved and embellished by man's inveterate habit of telling stories to one another. The country is full of stories; they are woven about it with such intimacy that one feels in them a loving acquaintance with all its landmarks. Every grove, every river, lake, spring, mountain, cliff, and cave has its legend. There are hundreds of them, beautiful, sad, tender, joyous, frightful, or amusing stories that had their origins in ideas and histories of so long ago that everything about them except the story itself has long since been lost. Sometimes they are legends that grew up through the ages around some real person, a king, a hero, a princess, queen, or humble peasant, who actually lived at least a portion of the story ascribed to him. These are the hero stories that may be read in the legends of Thebes or Troy and in books that tell of the exploits of great adventurers such as Heracles or Perseus or Jason or Ulysses. Another group of stories, the myths of satyrs, centaurs, nymphs, and fauns, came in all probability, from man's propensity to clothe the dear and familiar with his poetic imagination.

Leaves, moving sharply in the twilight might catch the herdman's eye.

"Look!" he would whisper to a companion, stopping for the moment while the slow sheep trailed homeward

past them. "Did you not see the dryad? See how she fled into her tree the instant we approached?"

For to him, in that early and quite unscientific age, every tree housed its graceful sprite, its dryad or hama-dryad. The rocks and mountains had their nymphs, too; they were the oreads. Naiads, those misty water nymphs, dripping with lotus wreaths and necklaces of pearl, might rise from any spring or river. And Nereus, so the stories said, that old sea king who lived at the bottom of the ocean in a palace of coral, pearl, and shell, had fifty lovely daughters, the Nereids, of whom Thetis of the silver feet was one.

But who shall say of what delicious mixture of fact and fancy the great god Pan was born? Was it the queer little old-man's look that the goat's bearded face assumes at times, or the step so quick and purposeful, the twinkling step with which he moves surely and lightly over roots, rocks, and shelving paths impossible to man? Was it the sight of the goat, glimpsed through trees, obscured by distances, perhaps, standing erect as he often does, to nibble at a branch too high for him? Was it the mischievous, mercurial, quick nature of the animal, so gay, so amusing, so clever, and so often wild and destroying? Or was it a combination of all these things that made the shepherds who tended their flocks and observed the goat's antics on the mountain pastures of Arcadia, wonder to themselves: "What if there were a little being like this goat in quickness, lightness, and capriciousness? What if he were the keeper of the flocks when the herdsman is asleep, a little god of the woods and fields?"

However it came about, men invented him and told

stories of him. He looked, they said, like a little old man with a broad, red face. But through the coarse and silky hair above his forehead, two small, sharp horns, goat's horns, peeped cunningly; and the lower part of his body was a goat's body, little hoofs, shaggy thighs, and all. He was keeper of the flocks, god of the woods and fields, guardian of the bees; and he lived, for the most part, in Arcadia.

The satyrs, it was supposed, were like Pan in appearance, but were not so gay, not so amusing, not so pleasant to meet. The fauns were small copies of Pan, bright and elusive as motes in sunshine. And the centaurs were great, terrible creatures, half horse and half man. One of the centaurs, however, the wise and gentle Chiron, who lived on Mount Pelion and taught the gods and the sons of the gods, was the noblest and best of beings.

Somewhat different from these delicate and fanciful creations are the great gods, though their stories are so intermingled with those of the dryads, centaurs, Pan, and the rest, and with the stories of the heroes and common mortals, too, that it is very difficult to separate them.

The stories of the gods are very old. In all probability they had their beginnings in the ages when human beings first thought of asking questions concerning the world around them. When, for instance, the thunder crashed and rolled through the sky, men, hearing it, must have asked one another, "What can that loud and frightening noise mean?" And the wise, thoughtful ones, who had often seen the lightning blaze through the sky and had listened for the thunder that, like an enormous voice, always followed after, may have answered,

"Sky speaks." Soon, then, Sky began to seem a great and powerful being who lived beyond the blue and who was always ready to hurl his lightning about or speak in his thunderous voice. The true meaning of the name, Zeus, is the *Shining One*, or the *Sky*. Zeus, with his thunderbolts and lightnings *was* the sky. And so it must have been with all the gods. Apollo in his dazzling chariot rolling across the heavens each day, *was* the sun; Artemis *was* the moon. Some of the others had more difficult meanings, for they came later perhaps. Athena was wisdom; Eros was love; Aphrodite was beauty; Ares was war; Hephaestus was the artificer at his forge; Hestia was the hearth and home; Demeter was the fullness of the earth; Aïdoneus was Death; Poseidon was the ocean.

Many of the ideas and stories of the gods were first talked about in Egypt or Thrace or India or Crete or Asia Minor, and were added to the lore of Greek mythology as time went on and as men from other countries entered the peninsula and its islands. The mythology thus became highly complex and bewildering; but the poets, Homer and Hesiod, have left us fairly clear accounts of it.

First there was Chaos, Hesiod says, and then Earth, or Gaia, and Sky, or Uranus. The children of Earth and Sky were the Titans, the great forces of nature that dwelt sometimes in the heavens, sometimes on the earth; such forces as light and air and water and fire, together with wisdom, justice, memory, and time. There were six Titan gods: Oceanus, Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, Iapetus, and Cronus. The Titan goddesses were Rhea, Tethys, Thebe, Mnemosyne, Themis, and Thea. The Titan Iape-

tus had three sons about whom some of the most wonderful of the myths were woven. They were Prometheus, Epimetheus, and Atlas.

Cronus, or Time, the youngest of the Titans, overcame his father, Uranus, and reigned from his palace in the sky, until his own youngest son, Zeus, the Shining One, conquered him in his turn, and became the ruler of gods and men. Zeus then established himself upon Olympus, taking with him all the great gods, some of whom were his brothers and sisters. The gods were: Apollo, Aïdoneus, Poseidon, Hephaestus, Ares, and Hermes. The goddesses were: Hera, Hestia, Athena, Demeter, and Aphrodite. But in addition to these there were many lesser divinities who lived upon Olympus, or, if their dwelling places were elsewhere, were always welcomed when they chose to come. There were, for instance, the Seasons, the Hours, and the Graces, all of whom were thought of as beautiful maidens; there were Hebe, the goddess of youth, and Iris, the messenger who used the rainbow for her bridge. There were the terrible servants of Zeus, Bia and Kratos, who stood beside his throne, and Nike, the goddess of victory, who sat at his feet. There were the wind gods, the greatest of whom was Aeolus, who lived in a vast cave on the island of Stromboli. There were the lesser gods of the sea: Proteus, who watched over great herds of seals and dolphins; Triton, whose trumpet could still the waves; and Nereus, the wonderful old king of the deepest waters. And most important of all, perhaps, there were the nine lovely daughters of the Titan goddess Mnemosyne, or Memory, the Muses, who taught the arts of poetry and music to gods and men.

About all these bright and glorious beings the Greeks wove countless stories. They are matchless stories, full of poetry and hidden meanings, full of wisdom, stories that have delighted the world for centuries. Whether they are inventions of pure fancy, or whether, as so often happens, they are allegories veiling a charming explanation of some exquisite, mysterious, or terrible fact of nature, they possess always the quality of beauty, the power to arouse and excite that part of our minds that responds to whatever is well-wrought, fine, and essentially true. In our delight in them we are led once again to marvel at the excellence of the men who first imagined them, that wonderful race who lived in Greece so long ago, themselves the children of Time, as are all men, destined, like the gods of their old myth, to be swallowed up, lost, in the obscuring passage of the centuries, but for the shining light of their own poetry and wisdom.



IN THE MORNING
OF THE WORLD



The Horn of Amalthea

IN THE FAR-OFF GOLDEN AGE, SO THE OLD stories say, the world was ruled by Titans, enormous, vague, and misty beings, who lived for the most part in palaces above the clouds. Twelve in number, the Titans were gods of the sun, the ocean, the fire, the air, the starry heavens, and of memory, wisdom, and time, as well. They were the children of Uranus and Gaia, the sky god and the earth goddess; and the youngest of them, Cronus, or Time, had obtained dominion over the Sky, their father, and now ruled in his stead.

Cronus was a subtle god, more cunning than his brothers. By craft rather than by force he had managed to bind the Cyclopes and the Hundred-handed, dread monsters of the era that preceded the Golden Age. He had thrown them into the dungeons of Tartarus, far below the earth, and had bound them there with unbreakable chains. There could be no storms, no floods, no volcanic eruptions, no earthquakes while these giants were imprisoned, and in the still and sunny calm that followed, Cronus had arranged the world to please himself.

Of the earth he made a garden. Delicious fruit grew in every forest glade; herb and grain, springing from the fertile soil of every valley, ripened without cultiva-

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tion; wild beasts were tame and playful; gentle rain, bright sunshine, and warm, mild winds brought perpetual summer. And in the midst of this beauty and abundance, Cronus set a race of men, the Golden Race, who lived joyously, carefree as happy children, knowing neither want nor sorrow nor pain.

It was during the Golden Age that Zeus, the youngest son of Cronus, was born.

Although the secret of his high destiny may have been hidden from the rest of the world, his mother, the Titan goddess Rhea, was well aware that Zeus was no ordinary child. Rhea's parents, Earth and Sky, had told her two things about him: one was that if he survived the fate that had overtaken his older brothers and sisters, the little god would become the greatest of them all; the other was that she could save him only if she followed the Earth's advice.

"Take him to the island of Crete," said the earth-goddess, "and hide him in the cave on Mount Ida which my nymphs will show you. Leave him in their care then, nor return even once to visit him, lest Cronus, watching from the sky, see you and guess what you are about."

So, wrapped in the cloak of night, Rhea went secretly to the island, gave her son to the nymphs there, and, bidding him farewell forever, fled over the sea and north to the mountains of Phrygia to hide herself from Cronus. For Cronus had become the enemy of his children and of Rhea, his wife.

It is strange to think that in a world as beautiful as that of the Golden Age there should have been one unhappy and fearful being, and strange it is, too, to think that Cronus was the unhappy one. But he had been told

of an old prophecy that said that his own son would one day overcome him and rule in his place; and, remembering the prophecy, he was afraid. In his cowardly fear he had done a monstrous thing. He had sought out each of his and Rhea's children as soon as they were born, and had swallowed them. He believed that he had swallowed the little Zeus, too, for Rhea had wrapped a smooth stone in a baby's clothes and had given it to him; and Cronus, thinking it was a child, had popped it into his mouth.

Then, dreaming in his vast sky places, old Time almost forgot his troubles. If he had thought of visiting the island of Crete just then, things might have happened differently, for all the while a little god was keeping safe in the cave on Mount Ida.

Zeus grew out of babyhood while Time slept. The ash-tree nymphs of the mountain watched over him every moment. One of them, the nymph Adrastea, rocked him to sleep in a golden cradle. The Curetes, the warrior priests, were his guardians. Whenever he cried, they danced and clashed their swords and shields together in order that Cronus might not hear him. The brown bees brought him honey and sometimes placed the sweet drops on his very lips. And for nurse and playmate he had the goat, Amalthea. She was so gentle and full of fun that he loved her best of all.

Zeus waked early one morning and sat up in his golden cradle. It was a beautiful, sleepy morning with the sun and wind and clouds playing hide-and-seek upon Mount Ida. The little god rubbed his eyes drowsily, then looked about him to find Amalthea. But Amalthea was

nowhere to be seen. He thought of the delicious warm milk that she gave him every morning and of the wonderful games they had together, and he was so disappointed that tears came into his eyes. This was the thing that the nymphs feared most. Little Zeus must not cry, for Cronus might be listening.

As usual, they hastened to comfort him. They came floating down from the very tops of the trees, disentangling themselves from thickets of laurel and myrtle, or stepping, rosy and brown, out of rocks and stony caves. They gathered around him, anxiously smiling and whispering, "Hush! Hush!" so delicately and sweetly that their voices were like the rustling of leaves in the wind. Hearing them, the wind itself, that boisterous mountain wind that Zeus loved, went roaring and shouting through the trees, up and down the mountainside.

"Zeus is awake!" the wind sang. "Zeus is awake!"

And now the whole mountain was waking up. It was full of noises that grew louder and louder. There was a clashing and clanging and clanking and banging that was like the sound of an army; its volume increased till it was unmistakably the noise of sword, spear, shield, tramping feet, and rough, shouting voices.

Zeus decided not to cry. He listened, his face bright with excitement, and the nymphs drew back to let him see. For around the shoulder of the mountain came the warrior priests. They danced round and round, beating their shields with their short swords and singing so lustily that they made a wonderful uproar. Cronus could never have heard a baby's cry above it.

While the Curetes danced, the nymphs spread fruit and honey for the little god. The sun came out and

lifted the last shred of mist that had clung to the mountain hollows. The wind curled itself up in a cloud and floated away beyond the edge of the world. And the Curetes, seeing that Zeus was placid and smiling once more, marched off around the mountain, the clanking and clanging of their swords and shields growing ever more faint till the sound of them died away.

Zeus looked at the fruit and honey. He shook his golden curls.

"Where is Amalthea?" he asked.

"Listen!" said the nymphs.

From far above there came sounds as of pebbles dropping, pebbles pattering, clattering, falling in an avalanche of pebble noises that finally resolved themselves into the rush and beat of four small, quick hoofs upon a stony path.

"Amalthea!" Zeus cried in delight.

There she was, running to him through the trees above the cave, around the mossy bole of an oak, through myrtle and fern. He ran to meet her. He put his arms about her silky neck, and she turned her head to nibble at his ear.

Now Zeus could have his breakfast: warm milk and small, flat cakes made of the whitest flour mixed with olive oil and honey. Melissa, the most beautiful of the nymphs, had brought the honey in its golden comb. Others had broken great bunches of grapes from their vines and had brought them to him. And they looked on as he ate and loved him with all their hearts.

Amalthea waited until he had eaten, and then she began to caper about so gracefully that it was enchanting to watch her. She leaped high in the air, coming down with

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her slender forelegs straight as arrows and her neck curved like a kitten's. Sometimes she would dart at Zeus as though she meant to toss him on those bright, sharp horns of hers. But he was as clever and strong as she, and, shouting with delight, he would defend himself. At last, he caught her horns in his strong little hands and twisted her around and away from him. Amalthea tried to pull from his grasp, but suddenly a dreadful thing happened. One of the beautiful, shining horns broke off in his hand, and Amalthea stood quite still, tears of pain in her soft eyes. Zeus, greatly distressed, hastened to comfort her.

"Do not cry, dear Amalthea," he begged. "I would not have hurt you for the world. I will make up for it, never fear. Someday you shall be taken to the skies, where you will shine forever, one of my favorite constellations."

A brown bee buzzed near, and he took the tiny creature in his hand.

"I shall reward you, too, for all the honey you have given me," he said. "From this day forward your color shall be a coppery gold, and you shall have the power to withstand the cold and bitter winds of winter."

Then, turning to the nymphs, he gave the broken horn to Melissa, the one who stood nearest him.

"Sweet nymphs," he said, "this is for you."

Amalthea's broken horn! What a strange gift! Melissa gazed at it, speechless, for a moment, but almost immediately she began to open her eyes in wonder at a miraculous thing that was taking place. The horn was growing larger and more curving, more beautiful and shining. She held it out so that the other nymphs might see, and as she did so, it tipped a little, and from it, upon

the green and velvet grass, there began to pour fruits of all kinds, grapes, pomegranates, strawberries, apricots, scarlet apples, golden pears, and with them, rich honey-comb and yellow corn and meal.

What an exquisite thing to happen! Laughing and exclaiming in their delight, the nymphs gathered around the marvelous horn, catching the fruit in their hands and their outspread draperies as it fell.

"It is the most charming of gifts!" they cried.

"It is more than that," said Zeus. "It is a Horn of Plenty that shall forever be full of all that you can wish; for I have given it to you, and I am Zeus, the greatest of the gods!"

To Olympus

ONE MORNING THE EARTH GODDESS SENT FOR Metis, the wisest of the daughters of old Ocean.

"Young Zeus is grown," Earth said to Metis, "and the hour of his triumph is near. Take this potion to him and go with him to the palace of Cronus. He is to drop the potion secretly into the cup of nectar that Cronus will be drinking. And you, Metis, shall stand close at his side, invisible, to help him."

Metis took the phial containing the potion and went straightway to the island of Crete. When she reached Mount Ida, she found Zeus leaning idly against a rocky crag, looking across the valleys to the far ocean beyond which lay the peninsula of Greece.

Conscious of his strength and power, the young god had been restless of late. Frequently there had come to him strains of a faint, faraway, mysterious music, the music of the Fates. These three terrible goddesses, Clotho, who spun, Lachesis, who measured, and Atropos, who cut the threads of destiny, sat at the center of the world, spinning and singing; and their song was of the past, the present, and all that is to come. Today, Zeus knew that their song concerned himself.

A fog was rolling in from the ocean, stealing in wraiths and bands of mist across the headlands, across the val-

leys, up the mountain slopes. It moved by soft degrees along each hollow, curling and climbing to every crag and peak. As the first rays of the morning sun came over the horizon, Zeus saw one little cloud detach itself, flush with rosy color, float to his very feet, and, suddenly taking the form of the loveliest of nymphs, stand before him.

"Metis, wise daughter of the Ocean," he greeted her, for, being accustomed to miracles, he knew her immediately, "what do you wish of me today?"

"I bring a message from the earth goddess and a gift," she answered.

And she gave him the phial containing the potion, and told him all that Earth had said. Then, together they went to the top of Mount Ida. They walked through the air, along the paths of the wind and sun, till they came to the bright regions where Cronus sat gazing down upon his still, enchanted, unchanging, golden world.

Zeus walked boldly through the portals of this heavenly place, and Cronus, seeing him, raised himself sleepily from his throne.

"Come drink with me," he said, narrowing his eyes at the young god. His voice was like the echo of waves rolling in upon a distant shore.

"Softly!" the invisible Metis whispered at Zeus's ear.

Zeus came down the glittering hall, past the cloudy forms of the Titans, straight to the throne where Cronus sat, ancient and bearded, his sickle in one hand, and in the other the cup of nectar from which he had been drinking.

"Come drink with me," Cronus repeated drowsily,

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"and tell me who you are and whence and why you have come."

He turned his head to call for his cupbearer.

"Now!" Metis whispered.

Then, Zeus quickly dropped the potion into the nectar, and when a cup had been brought for his guest, Cronus raised his own cup to his lips. He drank a draught deep enough to drown a mortal man, then with a long sigh he turned to Zeus, opening his mouth to speak. As he did so, instead of words, there rolled from between his lips, first the stone which Rhea had given him in order to save the infant Zeus, then one by one, the young gods, all of Rhea's children. There came Hestia, Demeter, and Hera, the goddesses, and Aidoneus and Poseidon, the gods; all of them were miraculously grown, beautiful, young, and splendid to behold.

They gathered hastily to help Zeus in his struggle with the angry Cronus, but the other Titans came rushing to the defense of Cronus and themselves, and very quickly the young gods saw that they were not yet strong enough for such bitter conflict. They escaped then, taking refuge on the summit of Mount Olympus, which magically received and protected them. Palaces for them rose above its snowy peaks; mist and cloud gathered around them, hiding them from the sky.

And Cronus called the Titans to council, though in his heart of hearts he knew that his hour had come.

War raged between the Titans and the young gods for many years. During this time the Golden Race of men died out, and Zeus created the Silver Race to take its place. Perpetual summertime had ceased to smile

upon the earth. Winter snows and winds now visited it in season; grain and fruit no longer grew untended; fields must be cultivated, houses must be built, and food and clothing must be provided. And the men of the Silver Race, though handsome and splendid as the gods themselves, were not equal to the task. They were like foolish children, seeking ease and pleasure and forever turning with longing to thoughts of the Golden Age that had vanished.

Meanwhile, the strife between the gods and Titans increased in violence. Now on Olympus, now through the heavens, the dreadful combat surged back and forth, until at last Zeus became convinced that there must be some secret which it was necessary for him to know before he could overcome Cronus. He went down to consult the ancient oracle of the earth goddess at Delphi.

The oracle at Delphi was one of the wonders of the world. Here, near the place that Zeus had marked as the center of the earth, a secluded valley was hidden in the mountains. Steep cliffs towered above it on every side, and behind it rose the twin peaks of Mount Parnassus. At one side, walls of shining rock descended almost perpendicularly to a deep and awful chasm. On the lower slopes of the mountain, the rocks were cleft by a mysterious opening, from which a strange vapor issued, and occasionally there could be heard the sound of a murmuring voice. It was the voice of Gaia, the earth goddess, and Zeus knew this.

When he came to the spot, he knelt over the dark cleft in the rock.

"Tell me, Goddess," he said, "what I must do to conquer cunning Time?"

He breathed deeply of the vapor, and a giddiness struck him. It seemed to him for a moment that he was spun around so that he could neither see clearly nor hear clearly nor even recall exactly where he was nor what he had come for. Then, out of the darkness and confusion, there came a strange, murmuring sound that filled the air. He listened carefully.

"Open the gates of Tartarus!" said the voice. "Open the gates of Tartarus!"

The very name of Tartarus filled him with terror.

In later times men used to say that if an anvil of bronze were dropped from heaven and fell for nine days and nine nights, it would reach the earth on the tenth day; and, similarly, if an anvil of bronze fell from the earth for nine days and nine nights, on the tenth day it would come to rest in misty Tartarus. In other words, the earth lay exactly halfway between the glorious heavens and the place that of all others was most to be dreaded. Even the gods hesitated to speak the name of those loathsome dungeons, and to open the gates meant the release of the most frightful creatures the world had ever known. For behind the brazen walls of Tartarus, Cronus had long ago imprisoned six terrible beings, the Hundred-handed and the Cyclopes, and had bound them with chains so strong that only the decrees of fate could loose them.

Greatly distressed by the words of the oracle, Zeus returned to Olympus.

Among the Titans there was one, Iapetus, who had four remarkable sons. The most gifted of them was Prometheus, whose name means *Forethought*. He knew much of what was going to happen long before it took

place, and, more important than that, he knew that Titans, as well as Olympian gods, must obey the laws of the universe or perish. Prometheus had begged Cronus not to attempt the destruction of Zeus by force.

"There is a power far greater than violence," he had said to Cronus. "The Fates have decreed the supremacy of Zeus. Let us decide to work with him. If we depend entirely upon violence, we will fail."

But Cronus and the other Titans were scornful of this advice, and Prometheus had left the council, saddened. Afterward, as the universe resounded with the clash of arms, he longed to find some means of putting an end to the struggle. The earth goddess, too, knowing that it was useless for the conflict to continue, was eager to stop it, and she finally sent Prometheus to Zeus upon Olympus.

"Come, greatest of the gods," said Prometheus, standing before Zeus in obedience to Earth's command. "Are you not ready to obey the voice that spoke to you from the dark cleft in Delphi? Are you not ready to open the gates of Tartarus?"

"I dare not loose upon the world those monsters, the Hundred-handed and the Cyclopes," Zeus replied.

"The Fates have decreed it," said Prometheus. "And by the command of the oracle on Parnassus I will go with you and help you."

So Zeus came down from his throne, and he and Prometheus descended through space till they came to a place where a black cloud swirled, so thick and heavy that they could see no more than if they had been blinded. They fought their way through the smothering cloud and stood at last on the banks of a river of fire.

14 IN THE MORNING OF THE WORLD

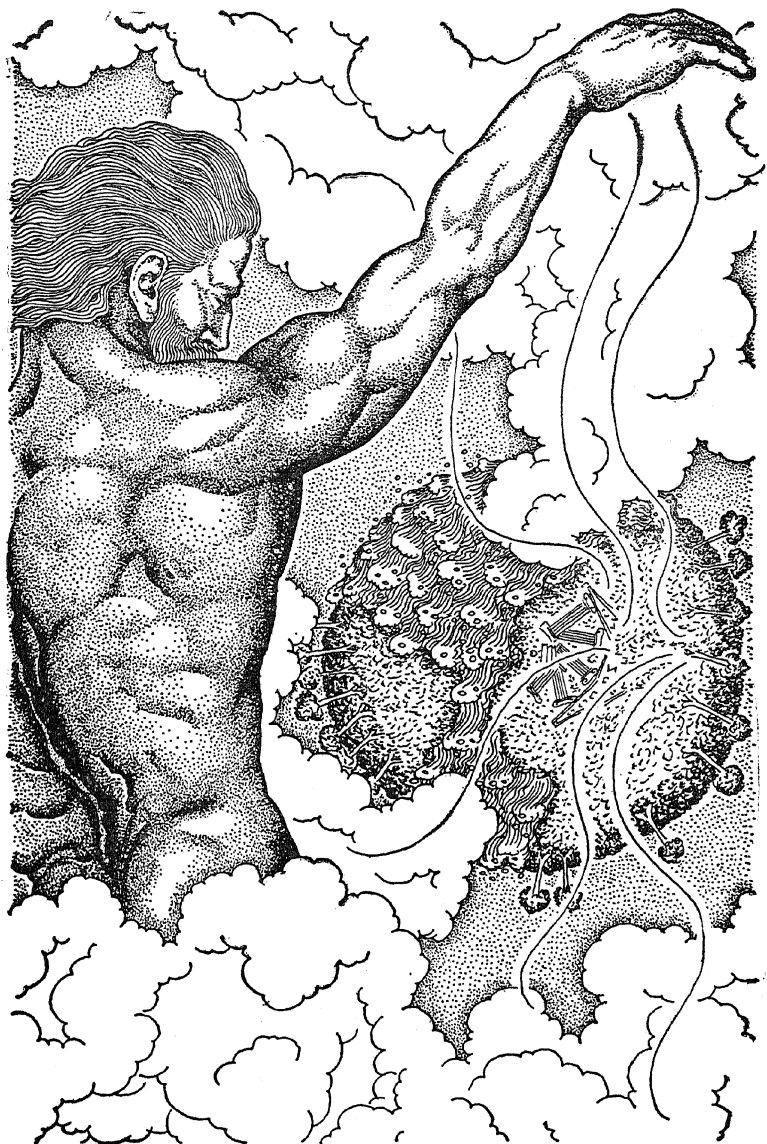
Through the dense and acrid smoke, the towers of Tartarus could now be seen. Presently the flames died down, and Prometheus and Zeus crossed over to the brazen portals of the dungeons. These gates were guarded by a frightful, serpentlike creature, whom Zeus slew with his sword. Then he and Prometheus opened the great portals, loosed the Hundred-handed and the Cyclopes, and took them back to Olympus.

The Hundred-handed were three vast monsters, known as Briareus, Cottus, and Gyes. Each of them had fifty heads and a hundred arms; in anger they were like the ocean in its wildest storms. The Cyclopes were enormous giants whose names were Brontes, Steropes, and Arges. Each of them had one great round eye set in the middle of his forehead. Their mother, the earth goddess, had given them the power to forge thunderbolts and lightning, and they were terrible in their anger.

And now the Hundred-handed, overjoyed to be free and hating the Titans for their long imprisonment, lashed the elements to fury. Earth, air, and waters were torn by such convulsions that even the Titans trembled. But Cronus would not give up.

The Cyclopes, meanwhile, had made three miraculous gifts for the young gods. To Poseidon they gave a trident, a three-pronged spear that reduced to helplessness everything it touched. To Aïdoneus they gave a cap of darkness. But for Zeus they had forged thunderbolts and lightning, of which the Titans stood in deadly fear.

Heaven and earth rang with the noise of the conflict. Earthquakes shook the mountains; the seas boiled with the heat of volcanic fires; forests roared with flames



Zeus strode, hurling thunderbolts.

that rose to the very skies; and through it all, in the black whirlwind and storm cloud, Zeus strode, hurling thunderbolts and sending the swift lightning flashing and crashing to the farthest corners of the heavens. The palace of Time, all the sky palaces of the Titans came tumbling down, and the cowering elder gods would have rushed away to hide, but that the Hundred-handed, huge boulders in their many hands, stopped them, overpowered them, and flung them into Tartarus.

Cronus escaped and went to live with the Hyperboreans, those dwellers in the fortunate lands beyond the North Wind, where the sun never sets. As he disappeared over the horizon, he hurled a final word at Zeus.

"Implacable son of Rhea!" he cried. "Remember this: my fate is thine! As I fall, so shalt thou fall in the days to come!"

In the final battle, one of the Titans was caught at the western edge of the earth. He was Atlas, a mighty giant, so tall that when he stood upon the earth, the sky rested on his shoulders. The young gods, jubilant over their victory, set up a shout when they saw the giant's head entangled in the clouds.

"Aha!" they cried. "This Atlas, this great Titan, shall stand here forever with the sky on his shoulders, to see that it does not fall upon the earth!"

And so it came about. Zeus gave to Atlas the task of holding up the sky.

The Cyclopes were set to work in Aetna, a volcano in Sicily, to make thunderbolts for Zeus. The Hundred-handed went down to Tartarus to guard the Titans imprisoned there. But Prometheus, to whom Zeus felt

grateful for his share in the victory, was given, with his brother Epimetheus, the freedom of the world.

And now there appeared a new and most appalling danger. Zeus, looking down from the summit of Olympus, saw a creature that writhed about the earth in clouds of smoke and flame. The ocean seethed and boiled at its approach. And, as it crawled and climbed over mountain and valley, drying up all the waters and blasting whole forests in its dreadful journeys to and fro, it made terrifying noises, sometimes roaring like a hundred lions, sometimes howling like a pack of wolves, sometimes hissing like a den of snakes. This fiery monster was the Typhon, an enormous dragon, sent out by one of the Titan goddesses in a final attempt against the young gods.

Zeus came down from Olympus, lightning and thunderbolts in his hands. The dragon launched himself at the god, his hundred mouths and countless eyes flashing darts of flame. But Zeus, untouched, threw deadly lightning upon the monster, scorching all his horrid heads. Olympus was shaken by the tumult. But the inescapable thunderbolts of the greatest of the gods crashed around the Typhon, so that presently the frightful creature, lamed and broken, writhed helplessly upon the ground. Zeus bound him then, and fastened him beneath the roots of the volcano Aetna so that he can never escape, though sometimes still, the earth trembles with the force of his striving.

Then, at last, having conquered the Titans and their creatures, the victorious young gods went to Olympus to begin their long reign.

Man and the Olympians

THE WAR WITH THE TITANS HAD PUT AN END to the Golden Age and to the Silver Age which followed it. From Olympus Zeus looked down upon a desolate earth. Fire and flood had laid waste the forests; the Cyclopes and the hundred-handed, ravaging islands and coasts with earthquakes and stormy winds and waves, had left nothing but destruction behind them; and the terrible dragon, the Typhon, had scoured the land, drying up its waters, overturning mountains, breaking open the earth, and leaving everything in unsightly confusion.

When the men of the Golden Age had disappeared, Zeus had peopled the earth with a new race. Less fortunate, much less carefree and splendid, the men of this second, or Silver Age had also proved unable to survive. And now the earth was uninhabited; the broken hearthstones and altars of the first races of man lay overturned and crumbling in their leafless groves.

Zeus, distressed by this, sent for Prometheus.

The young gods were busy about the affairs of the world, their various dominions having been assigned to them. To Poseidon, his brother, Zeus had given power over all the waters of the earth, all oceans, lakes, rivers, springs, and fountains. He had sent Aïdoneus to the nether world to rule over all that is under the earth.

Demeter became the goddess of all growing things. Hestia was the goddess of the hearth and home.

As time went on, new gods and goddesses, of whose origins wonderful stories were told, were added to the Olympians. Athena, who sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus, presided over the arts and sciences and was the goddess of wisdom. Aphrodite, born of the foam-capped waves of ocean, was the goddess of love and beauty. Hephaestus, the lame god, guardian of the forge, spent part of his time at the heart of the volcano, Mount Aetna, with the Cyclopes. His brother Ares was the god of war. Hermes was the messenger god. Apollo, the sun god, drove his dazzling chariot across the daytime skies, while his sister, Artemis, the moon goddess, followed in the evening in her silver orb.

Prometheus, the Titan whose advice had helped to win the victory over Cronus, had not gone to live upon Olympus. He had made his home on earth within sight of Mount Parnassus, and all day long he wandered through ruined groves or weed-grown meadows, or sat, apparently idle, on the margin of some mountain stream, now choked with broken boughs and brown, fallen leaves. For Prometheus had had a dream. It haunted him all his waking hours, filling him with a strange excitement.

Like Zeus, he had been unhappy over the disappearance of man from the earth. He was distressed by the sight of land from which no fruit or grain sprang and where no sign of life was to be seen. In thinking it over he had been taken with a new idea, the dream which now obsessed him so that it was impossible for him to think of anything else.

The men of the Golden Age had been the children of Time. Cronus had set them in an enchanted world where all was beautiful and undisturbed. They had had nothing to do save enjoy the bounteous gifts that were showered upon them. When they disappeared they had left the earth no better for their having lived upon it. But they had been glorious and happy creatures, and Zeus had made the Silver Race as nearly like them as he could. The difficulty was that when Cronus was driven from the sky, the enchanted world of the Golden Age had vanished with him. It was a very different world that men would have to contend with now.

"But," thought Prometheus, "suppose that Zeus should put another kind of man upon this ruined earth, a man who could clear the forests, plow and cultivate the land, build houses, fight enemies such as disease and hunger, battle with wind, cold, rain, and the burning heat of the sun; such a man would be a far more glorious being than the man of the Golden and Silver Ages. He would learn to think for himself. He could not clear the earth without planning, and that is a kind of thinking. Each time he tried an experiment, he would have to remember what had happened the last time he tried it, and that would teach him to reason. He would have to learn to work with tools, to plant, to sow, to reap, to dig the riches out of the ground, to build. He would have to teach his children all that he had learned, and thus he would discover impulses of generosity, tenderness, and love. And all these things would lead him at last to lift his eyes from the earth to the heavens. He would learn to wonder about things and to ask questions and seek

for answers. Such a man would be the greatest of all the achievements of Olympus."

The thought was so exciting to Prometheus that he longed to make it a reality. But one day as he sat on the margin of the shallow river, running the sands through his fingers and going over this dream once more, he saw a little flash of light, a dazzling point of fire, darting toward him through the leaves. It danced, now here, now there, coming nearer and nearer, until it reached him, stood beside him, grew taller, and became a golden figure, warm and breathing, a young god with winged cap and sandals and the most mischievous face in the world.

"So it is you, Hermes!" Prometheus greeted him, pleased at a visit from the messenger god. "And what are you doing here?"

"Up with you, Prometheus!" Hermes replied. "Take my hand. I am to bring you to Olympus!"

So Prometheus rose, placed his hand upon the messenger's arm, and away they went, swift as thought, over the long miles and up through cloud and sunbeam to the summits of Olympus and the glittering gates of the palace.

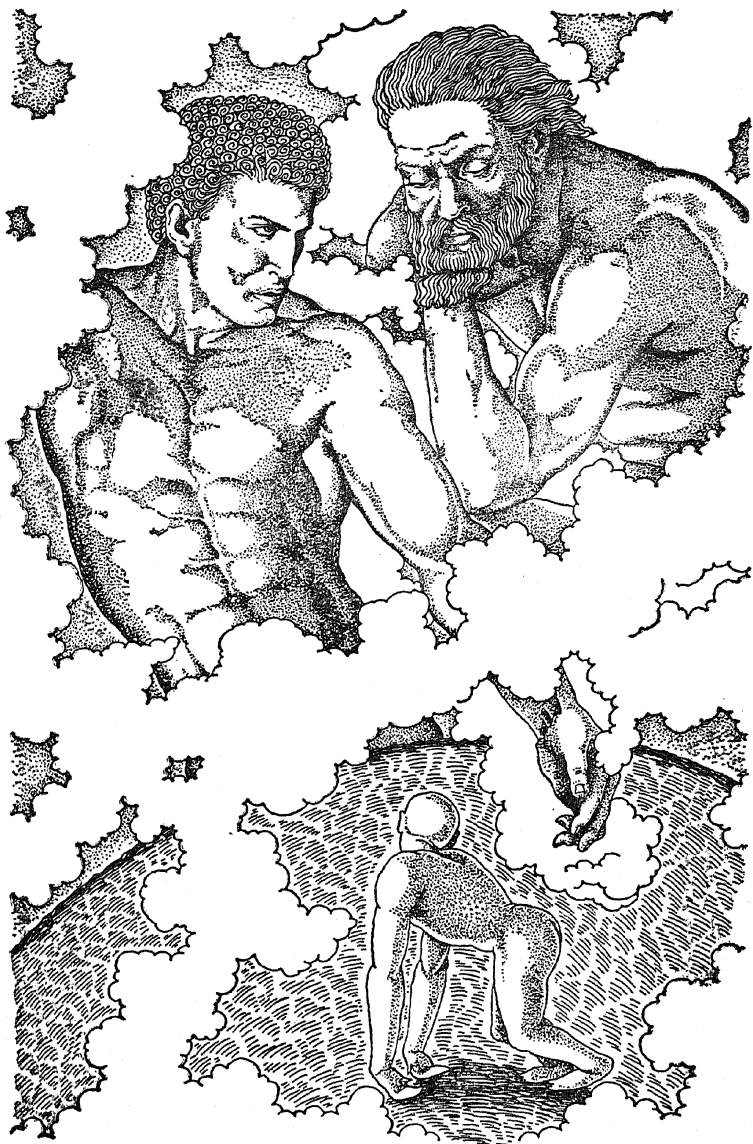
Zeus was waiting, his thunderbolts in his hand and the goddess of victory with her eagle wings, seated at the foot of his throne. On either side of him stood the vast forms of his dread servants, Bia and Kratos, whose names mean *Violence* and *Strength*. Around him were gathered the Seasons, the Hours, the Graces, and the nine Muses; and all the glorious hall was filled with the shadowy-shining figures of the gods.

"I miss the altars of men," said Zeus, when he and Prometheus had greeted each other. "I miss the fruitful groves and all the joyous life and movement that formerly could be seen from heaven. Let us make man again. Do you fashion him, and when he is made, I will send gentle showers and warm sunshine, and by my own power I will remake the earth to match him."

Prometheus saw at once that Zeus was planning a new Golden Age. How could he be persuaded to consider another sort of world? And the Titan thought once more of the man of his dream, the man who, by his capacity for enduring toil and pain and sorrow would be able to substitute for the ease and pleasure of a vanished age, intelligence, courage, and nobility. Zeus would not tolerate such an idea; that much was evident. And Prometheus went down from Olympus, thoughtful and sad. Beside the river within sight of Parnassus, he took wet clay in his hands and molded it in the form of a great, rough figure, a man with huge limbs, broad, powerful shoulders, thick waist, and deep chest.

"That is how you should be in order to clear the earth and survive through the first difficult ages," he said sadly.

He lifted the lifeless figure in his arms, intending to throw it back into the river. But suddenly the old dream filled his mind once more; he stopped; carefully he lowered the clay figure to the ground and stood it upright beside him on the riverbank. He breathed into the wide, cold nostrils, and the man that he had made began to come to life. The eyes in their deep, hollow sockets moved; they took on a somber light. The man stretched his brown arms and drew in a deep draught



"Look down upon earth. I have made man for you."

of air. He shook his head as though to clear his eyes of sleep, then turned and began to walk slowly away.

"I have given him more than life," the Titan said to himself as he watched the man moving off under the forest trees. "I have given him all that he needs to accomplish my dream."

After awhile Prometheus went back to Olympus.

"Look down upon earth," he said to Zeus. "I have made man for you."

Eagerly Zeus looked down.

He spoke after a long moment.

"I see a curious, clumsy, shaggy creature, something like a bear, something like an ape," he said. "Is that what you have made?"

"Do not despise him," Prometheus answered earnestly. "This is the man that Earth needs now. From this beginning he can learn to do marvelous things. I will teach him to make ships to sail the ocean and to find means of traveling swiftly on the land. He may even learn to fly in the air. I will teach him to speak, to make beautiful things, and to imagine even more beautiful ones."

But Zeus, deeply offended, turned his head away.

"Let him make his own earth, then," he said coldly.

Prometheus went back to his river near Parnassus. There he brooded over his creature and loved him.

"I will teach you, man," he said. "I will teach you all you need to know."

The Fire-Bringer

TO ZEUS, WHO REMEMBERED THE HAPPY beings of the Golden Age, the new inhabitants of the earth seemed little better than the lower animals. He thought it would be well to allow such brutish, clumsy creatures to die out so that they could be replaced by a more beautiful race, and therefore he neglected them, hoping that if he withheld from them all the gifts in his power, they would not be able to survive.

But Prometheus, true to his dream, planned for them and worked with them day and night. It was a fact that they seemed more like animals than like men. As Prometheus watched them cowering at night in stony caves, grubbing in the forest by day for roots and berries to eat, searching out honeycomb and sweet, juicy grasses, like any bear or ape, he saw that first of all they must be taught the use of fire. They needed it now to provide warmth and to add variety and nourishment to their food. Later on, if they were to become something more than savages, they would learn to use it for many other purposes.

And so he began to teach men the arts of living. He showed them how to build fires to warm their caves, how to prepare and cook food, how to make bowls and jars of clay and bake them so that they would be more

useful and durable. He taught them, as time went on, to dig deep in the ground for copper and tin and to melt them together in fire to make bronze. Now they could fashion weapons with which to protect themselves, and tools with which to work. He taught them to build houses and temples of wood and stone and to use bronze to decorate and strengthen them.

They learned to tame certain animals, to plant and harvest grain and herbs, to grind flour and meal, to weave cloth from plant fiber and from wool. He taught them to make ships fit to sail the ocean. They learned to communicate with one another by means of sounds. They learned to count. They learned to write. And, finally, they learned to look out from the earth upon which they toiled, to see the sun as it rose in the east each morning and traveled in its invariable custom across the sky, to see the stars that wheeled slowly through the heavens at night; and the husbandman who held the hard brown seed in his hand, or watched leaf, bud, flower, and fruit form upon the bough, miraculously bloom, ripen, and fall away, learned to ask questions about these things.

"What?" he asked himself. "Why?" and, "How?" The most wonderful questions in the world.

Prometheus, when he saw these things approaching, felt his heart swell with pride, for he knew that this man, the once shaggy and bearlike creature that had stumbled away from the clayey bank of the river near Mount Parnassus, would never rest until he had found answers for those difficult and stirring questions. Ultimately, this man would indeed be more glorious than anything that the Golden Age had known.

Man had not yet reached that stage, however. He was neither so untroubled nor so handsome as the man of the Golden Age. To Zeus, his buildings seemed ugly and his movements fumbling and slow. And one day the greatest of the gods looked down from Olympus and was displeased to see smoke rising above the tree-tops. He sent for Prometheus.

"You have taught men to use fire," he accused Prometheus sternly. "It is a divine gift, too dangerous, too celestial to be entrusted to such clumsy, slow-witted creatures."

"One of these days," Prometheus answered, "it will fill you with pride to see the smoke of those altars ascending toward Olympus."

"You are presumptuous!" Zeus thundered. "You would defy me for the sake of this man!"

"Only because you have turned your back upon him," Prometheus answered as he went down once more from the Olympian halls.

But Zeus was resentful; in his heart black anger was growing.

One day not long afterward, the gods of Olympus and the men of earth met at Mekone in a solemn contest to decide what part of the sacrifice should ever after belong to the gods and what part men might keep for themselves. An altar had been set up in the leafy vale. From one side, Zeus, surrounded by shining Olympians, looked on; from the opposite side, groups of dark, bearded men were watching, dressed in the skins of animals and carrying their crude weapons.

"Let us see now, Prometheus," Zeus said haughtily,

"if once more you will favor these creatures of yours to the detriment of Olympus!"

As Zeus spoke, Prometheus stepped into the sunny space before the altar fires. With one thrust of his sword he killed the mighty bullock that had been brought. In another instant he had skinned the carcass and cut it in pieces. He stripped the bones of flesh, divided the flesh from the fat, and almost before either side could be sure that he had finished, he turned confidently to Zeus.

"Choose, greatest of the gods," he said.

There were two piles of meat. On one side of the altar, under a mound of glistening fat, lay a huge portion. On the other side, crammed into the streaked, stained skin, was what appeared to be the smaller part.

"There is but one choice," Zeus answered contemptuously. And he pointed to the pile of fat.

"So shall it be forever," Prometheus reminded him.

Zeus nodded assent.

Then Prometheus lifted the fat, disclosing the great pile of bones that lay underneath. He placed this portion upon the altar of the gods. Then he opened the smaller bundle wrapped in the skin. Here was all the edible flesh, the best parts of the sacrifice. Prometheus gave that to the men, and, overjoyed, they prepared to cook the meat for their feast. But Zeus, realizing that he had been tricked, went back to Olympus in great wrath.

Prometheus had outwitted him. Men would always have the better part of the sacrifice. There was one way, however, in which Zeus could retaliate. He could take from them the gift of fire; this he did speedily. Soon afterward, when the fires of earth had died down or

were extinguished, it became impossible to kindle them again. Men shivered hungrily around the dead ashes of their hearthstones. The potters' kilns were idle. Forge and altar were left dark and cold. And Prometheus saw that all his work would be undone unless he brought fire to earth again. He knew what his own fate would be if he defied Zeus, but he did not hesitate.

He went boldly to Olympus, a hollow stalk of the giant fennel in his hand. At the blazing wheels of the chariot of the sun, he lit the dry pith of the fennel, and then, so quickly that none of the gods realized that he had come and gone, he hurried back to earth with his precious burden.

A little later Zeus saw blue smoke curling from the hearths, the forges, and the oven vents of earth. He sent for Hephaestus.

"Go, Hephaestus," he stormed. "Take my servants Bia and Kratos with you; seize that most daring and presumptuous of the race of Titans, and bind him fast to an inaccessible peak of the Caucasus in the land of Scythia. Then I will send an eagle to tear at his vitals forever, that he may never for one moment forget that he has defied the greatest of the gods!"

From the shady groves of earth Prometheus watched. Beside him stood his brother Epimetheus, whose name means *Afterthought*. They saw storm clouds gathering around the summits of Olympus. Lightning flashed, and long, shattering peals of thunder rolled echoing through the sky. Presently, breaths of cold air began to steal across the blue distance, and the light dimmed ominously.

"It is coming," Prometheus said to his brother. "The

wrath of Zeus, which I knew would fall some day, is now upon me. Watch this struggling man whom I have made, Epimetheus. Do not forsake him."

Poor, bewildered Epimetheus cowered and wept.

"Hide, Prometheus!" he begged. "Run away and hide!"

But Prometheus faced the storm.

"Oh, my poor Afterthought," he answered, "who can hide from Zeus? This is the hour that I have seen approaching for so long, and now that the time has come, I am neither sorry nor afraid."

As he spoke, the storm, rushing toward them on the wings of the wind, struck around them. At its head came two shadowy forms, the dread servants of Zeus, whose names mean *Violence* and *Strength*. In the midst of the dark cloud and the lightning rode Hephaestus, the god of the forge. As they swept past, the three bore Prometheus away, and Epimetheus, heartbroken, heard his brother's cry, half-drowned in the gusty wind.

"Beware of gifts, Epimetheus!" he heard his brother cry. "Do not take a gift from angry Zeus!"

But Epimetheus could not imagine what Prometheus meant by that.

Pandora

EPIMETHEUS WAS UNSUSPECTING TO A FAULT.

It never occurred to him to reason out the consequences of a course of action ahead of time. He was as enthusiastic as Prometheus and quite as generous and well-intentioned; but, unlike his brother, he was apt to rush heedlessly into trouble and be sorry for it afterward. And so it was that while he loved the struggling race of man almost as well as did Prometheus, he could not imagine that anything he might do would result in evil consequence for them.

In the days that followed the disappearance of Prometheus, Epimetheus was lonely and frightened. He wandered about the familiar hills and dales, utterly disconsolate, for he and Prometheus had been almost as much a part of each other as the two sides of a leaf. Whenever Hermes or Apollo or a nymph or a satyr came by, as some of them did from time to time, he would repeat again and again the story of his grief, his loneliness, and his fear for Prometheus, till at last word of his complaints reached Zeus.

"It is time we made a wife for him," Zeus said to Hephaestus, craftily smiling.

Up to this time, there had been no woman on the earth, so the goddesses, greatly interested, came crowd-

ing after Hephaestus as he went down from Olympus. He was a huge, black-browed, good-natured giant of a god, lame from the time that he had tumbled out of the sky upon the isle of Lemnos soon after his birth. He had none of the charm, quickness, and beauty of Hermes and Apollo, but in one particular he was much cleverer than either of them. He could make anything imaginable. All day long he and the Cyclopes labored at the forges of Aetna, turning out thunderbolts and lightning for Zeus, new chariot wheels for Apollo, the sun god, shining helmets and sandals for Hermes, or such delicate things as the darts that Eros, the god of love, used in his tiny bow.

This time, however, Hephaestus did not work at his forge.

A short distance down from the summit of Olympus, at a place where rocky crags and cloudy peaks gave way to softer slopes with trees, grass, and flowery dells, there was a spring from which clear, sweet water bubbled. Here Hephaestus stopped, and while the goddesses watched, he scooped up clay from the margin of the bright fountain, mixed it with water, and made of it a woman as nearly like the goddesses as possible, though with the beauty of them all so wonderfully blended that they were astonished to see themselves thus reproduced, and each was sure in her heart that Hephaestus had intended a special compliment to herself.

"Let us help!" they cried. And they began to bring gifts to the lovely creature.

"She shall be wise," said Athena, smiling graciously upon her. "She shall know all the arts, how to manage

a household, how to weave, how to cook, how to heal sorrow and pain with kind ministrations."

As she spoke, the goddess dropped a robe of her own weaving over the pretty head, fastening it around the slender waist with a golden girdle and ornaments of precious jewels.

"She shall be beautiful," said Aphrodite. "She shall possess an irresistible charm."

The Graces and the Hours, those delightful half goddesses who lived in the palace of Zeus and made it bright with their presence, hung the still figure with garlands of flowers and put wreaths upon her head. She was the very picture of springtime. They stood back to admire their handiwork, bluff Hephaestus, Aphrodite, Athena, the Hours, and the Graces. But just at that moment a light breeze stirred the leaves overhead, the sunlight became a bit more brilliant, the air a bit more sparkling; and Hermes stood in their midst, a great earthenware jar in his arms.

"She is charming!" he exclaimed, tilting his head to one side as he looked critically at the lovely figure. "I must bestow gifts upon her, too! She shall be full of curiosity, of whim and fancy, of the most artful and cunning grace; she shall try the reasonable soul of man with her illogical behavior!" Then he touched her lips with his wand. "Speak, Pandora," he said, "for that shall be your name. Speak! Be alive and move, Pandora!"

At once the little person came to life and began to move about and speak so gracefully and demurely that more than ever the goddesses were delighted with her and would have kept her forever on Olympus. But

Hermes put his hand upon her arm, and together they floated away, down the long miles toward Parnassus.

Zeus had watched these proceedings with satisfaction. He bore a grudge against the men of earth because of their part in the contest over the sacrifice at Mekone. He had given Hermes instructions concerning the earthenware jar, which the messenger god was to present to Epimetheus as Pandora's dowry, and as he thought of it now, he realized how crafty a device it was, since Hermes had given Pandora the fatal gift of curiosity.

"This jar is a gift from Zeus to Epimetheus," Hermes was saying as he and Pandora neared the fields and forests of earth. "You must be careful never to open it."

"Not even enough for one tiny, harmless, little peek?" Pandora asked with an enticing pout.

"Not even so much as a hair's breadth," Hermes replied.

"Why?" Pandora wanted to know.

"Because you are forbidden," Hermes answered positively.

But at the corner of his eye there was an unmistakable twinkle.

The moment Epimetheus saw Pandora he was so charmed with her and so happy that he need not be lonely any longer that he completely forgot the warning Prometheus had given him never to accept a gift from Zeus. He even set the jar up in his house promising to take good care of it, never to allow anyone to open it, and to love and cherish forever the beautiful wife whom Zeus had sent him.

But Pandora had made no promises. As the days went

on, she found herself thinking more and more often about the mysterious jar. To begin with, Hermes had aroused her curiosity concerning it; and then, Epimetheus was forever reminding her of the fact that she was forbidden to open it. Often when he had left her—he did so with reluctance, because he had discovered in her a much more delightful and less solemn companion than Prometheus had been—she would hear the quick *thud-thud* of his footsteps along the wooded path as he came hurrying back to her, and in another moment he would appear at the threshold once more to say, almost out of breath with anxiety: “By the way, I am afraid I forgot to remind you, *whatever you do, don’t open that earthenware jar!*”

It happened once too often.

One day, after Epimetheus had come back as usual to warn her, and had finally gone away again, Pandora stood in the center of the great room of their house.

“Now what shall I do this morning?” she asked herself, pretending to be very industrious. “Shall I put some wheaten flour and honey together and make a cake for Epimetheus? Shall I gather flowers and make garlands for the house? Shall I finish the web I was weaving yesterday? Or shall I simply take a walk?”

She could not make up her mind, for, naughtily enough, she was thinking of but one thing; and, as she spun herself slowly around like a bit of thistledown or a butterfly trying to decide where to alight, she found herself facing the jar and not very far from it. For a full minute she stood quite still and looked at it.

It was a very ordinary looking jar, rather large, rather

graceful, very much like the jars that Epimetheus used for storing oil and corn.

"Now what can be in that jar?" she asked herself petulantly.

She took two steps and two steps more; by that time she was very close to it. She put out a finger to touch its rounded side. To the touch it felt like any other earthenware vessel, neither hot nor cold nor very smooth nor very rough. Nevertheless, a delicious, shivery thrill ran up her spine.

"How dusty it is!" she said aloud. For, inquisitive as she was, she needed an excuse for standing beside it. She took out her kerchief and began to dust the jar. Ever so tenderly she went over it with that gossamer kerchief, though there was, actually, not a speck of dust to be seen. As she worked, she put her ear close to it, and, strange to say, she could hear a faint noise coming from inside the jar, a queer, humming, buzzing noise.

"There's something alive inside it!" she thought. "Oh, dear! I wonder what it is! It couldn't matter if I took just one little look. I need scarcely open the jar a finger's breadth!"

She put her finger under the edge of the lid and moved it ever so slightly. The sunlight at that instant grew sharp and twinkling, reminding her of the look that Hermes had given her when he told her not to open the jar.

"How tiresome of him!" she said aloud. "I *will* look, so there!"

With a quick movement she lifted the cover, but instantly she was more frightened and regretful than she could have imagined. For before she could put the

lid on again, a black cloud of creatures came pouring out of the jar, swirling, buzzing, swarming all around her, up to the ceiling and out the open window; a dreadful cloud of small beings with such angry, buzzing wings and such small, ugly, malicious voices, that poor naughty Pandora was frantic. She began to cry, and Epimetheus, coming in just then, hastened toward her to comfort her; but at the sight of the open jar he stopped.

"Oh, Pandora!" he cried. "What have you done?"

"I'll tell you what she has done," said a cool voice.

They looked up to see Hermes gliding down a sunbeam into the room.

"She has loosed all the sorrows, all the sins, all the griefs, disappointments, diseases, and failures that were shut up in the jar; and now the world will be troubled with them forever," said Hermes.

"Oh! Oh!" Pandora sobbed. "What can I do?"

"This must be what Prometheus meant when he told me not to take a gift from Zeus," said Epimetheus, looking sadly at the great empty jar. "I wish I had thought of it before." And he went over to put the lid on it again.

Hermes smiled.

"Listen!" he said.

They stood silent for a moment. Pandora held her breath so that not one sob should escape. They could hear something in the jar, a little voice that said plainly, "Let me out! Please let me out!" It was a sweet, comforting little voice that went straight to their hearts, and Epimetheus and Pandora looked pleadingly at Hermes.

"Open the jar again," said Hermes.

Epimetheus took the lid off once more, and there, clinging just under the rim, was a fairy creature, small and exquisite. On her fine, strong wings she soared out into the room, and the light, caught in her delicate garments, was broken into all the colors of the rainbow; indeed, she shed such fresh, glowing, radiant colors all around, that it did not seem possible for anyone to be unhappy while she was near. She touched Epimetheus and Pandora with the tips of her fingers as she passed, and the room was filled with warmth and light.

"Who is she?" Pandora asked, entranced.

"She is Hope," Hermes answered. "Never sigh while you have her."

He vanished on the slanting sunbeam. But Hope remained, and Epimetheus and Pandora, looking at each other, began to smile and dry their tears.

Prometheus Bound

HEPHAESTUS, WITH THE HELP OF BIA AND Kratos, had swept Prometheus away to the highest pinnacles of a mountain near the Black Sea, and had riveted him there with chains of adamant. It was not a task that Hephaestus could enjoy. Before he left, the lame god, the kindhearted god of the forge who had made the chains and showed Bia and Kratos how to fasten them to the rock, begged Prometheus to think of some means of freeing himself.

"I must bind you here, since it is the will of Zeus," he said regretfully. "But, as Kratos says, you've always been able to solve difficult problems. Can you not find a way to save yourself this time?"

Prometheus turned away so that the three might not read the suffering in his face. Much more surely than they, he could foresee the dreadful years that lay before him.

"Perhaps when the day comes that Zeus remembers his own danger," he answered, "he will offer to break my chains."

Later, the ocean nymphs who lived in the Black Sea, asked him the same question, and the winds that came trooping down out of the clouds, whistling around the rocky crags of the mountain or romping through its

narrow passes, paused and grew still when they saw him.

"Can you not free yourself, Prometheus?" they asked.

"Not yet," he answered.

The maiden, Io, who had angered Hera and was condemned to wander from land to land driven by a monstrous gadfly, stopped to ask his advice. Prometheus told her she would find peace and an end of her wandering in Egypt.

"And yourself, Prometheus?" she asked. "When will you be free?"

But he could tell her only what he had told the others.

He was waiting for the inevitable word from Olympus, and at last it came. On a quiet, sunny morning a sudden breath of air like a cool finger laid upon his cheek, roused him from a long reverie. He looked up, saw the light glittering upon a pair of silvery, winged sandals, upon the tip of a strange wand, upon a bright cap with wings, upon light curls of silver-gilt, upon the saucy, twinkling face of Hermes. The newcomer perched himself upon a rocky crag beside Prometheus.

"Come, Titan," he said peremptorily, "tell us: Do you recall the old prophecy of Cronus? Is Zeus threatened by some danger? And if he is, how shall he avert it? He demands this knowledge from you."

"*Demands?*" Prometheus answered. "Always he is the tyrant, Hermes. Say this to him: neither Bia nor Kratos nor the thunderbolts of the Cyclopes can wring that secret from me. When he has released me from these chains, then will I tell him, not before."

"Such refusal will serve but to increase his anger," Hermes answered kindly. "I fear for you. Zeus is not to be defied so easily."

But Prometheus was silent, and after a few moments, Hermes vanished as quietly as he had come.

His anxiety for Prometheus was only too well founded. In his wrath at the Titan's refusal, Zeus sent a great eagle to torment him. Every day the eagle came, cruel and devouring, and though at night Prometheus grew whole and sound again, the dreadful bird returned each morning, as rapacious as it had been the day before.

This torture was scarcely more agonizing than the thoughts that rose about him with the sun. As soon as the healing night had passed and he was awake once more, Prometheus was tormented by the memory of man now left without his protection. True, Epimetheus might try to help, but poor Epimetheus was so heedless, so scatterbrained, that, in spite of good intentions, he was sure to do the wrong thing, and then, when the inevitable result befell, he was just as sure to say, with real sorrow, "I wish I hadn't done that! The next time I'll try to do better!"

But the next time he would behave in precisely the same foolish manner as before.

Prometheus had learned that Zeus was becoming increasingly interested in the affairs of men. Now and again he made journeys about the earth, and once he and Hermes had stopped at a cottage belonging to a man and his wife by the names of Philemon and Baucis. Zeus had been greatly touched by the generosity of these people who had taken the gods for simple wayfarers, and when they died he had changed them into two beautiful trees that stood close together, their branches touching. But Zeus, who wished to rule the world by force and violence, would scarcely understand

all that man needed for the fulfillment of his destiny. In the eyes of the gods, Zeus was a young ruler, new and inexperienced. He would provide injudicious gifts for man, things with which mortal beings might destroy themselves. Prometheus knew that if man had only Afterthought to guide him, while Forethought was chained and bound, the fate of the world would be too piteous to contemplate.

Thus the long years passed away. To the gods, years mean nothing, either in brevity or in length. If the winds had asked Prometheus how long he would be bound upon the steep slopes of the mountain, he would have said neither thirty years nor thirty thousand years, but simply, "Until Zeus himself releases me, or someone with the strength of a god comes to break my chains." And so, the years and the storms and the hot sun and the cold, white snow and the rain and the mist passed over him. Day after day he listened for the eagle's rushing wings and endured the long agony when the bird had come; night after night the kind stars and the silver moon swung slowly above him while he slept. Immortal and suffering, Prometheus lay bound upon his mountain height, until—

One day the eagle did not come. It was a warm and lovely day of spring. Far down at the foot of the mountain and for some distance up its slopes, pale, early colors were just beginning to show. The sea was still; the winds were still. Prometheus, fastened so securely to his rock that he was unable to enjoy much more than the memory of the returning spring, lay still, too, and listened. Surely, he was thinking, he could hear some-

one coming; surely there was the sound of footsteps and a voice. A rough, hearty voice it proved to be as it came nearer, singing some jovial, boasting strain. Indeed it soon became apparent that the singer was making up his song as he came. It was not a very tuneful song, but the words were filled with such incredible hope for him, that Prometheus listened and waited eagerly.

The song went something like this:

I killed the eagle! I did! I did!

The great bronze and golden eagle! I did! I did!

Prometheus could turn his head sufficiently to see the top of the path that came up the cliffside, and presently, as he watched, the singer appeared, swinging himself over steep crags and deep chasms as easily as he might have walked across some level meadow. He was a tremendous fellow with a broad, good-natured face. Over his powerful shoulders he wore a lion's skin; in one hand he carried a bow, and from the other, the eagle dangled, limp and dead.

"I killed the eagle . . ." he was booming as he came over the edge of the cliff, but then he stopped short. "Good morning," he said, seeing Prometheus.

He laid the eagle and the bow upon a convenient ledge and came to sit beside the Titan.

"I've heard of you," he said, looking speculatively at the bolts and chains that held Prometheus. "You're Prometheus, aren't you? I didn't expect to find you here, but I am very glad that I did, for you can tell me something I must know. Where are the Gardens of the Hesperides?"

"I am grateful to you for killing the eagle," Pro-

metheus said, ignoring the question for a moment. "How did you do it?"

"It happened quite by accident," the stranger replied. "The eagle kept flapping around me, and I tried to make him go away, but he wouldn't; so I got out my bow and arrows, to frighten him, really, and the very first arrow killed him. I didn't know that he was *your* eagle, or I would have gone after him the moment I saw him."

"Who are you?" Prometheus inquired curiously. He thought it odd that anyone could take things so calmly. In fact, the sight of this large, energetic, tireless-seeming giant was making Prometheus realize more keenly than ever the length and suffering of the long years on this mountain crag.

"I am Heracles," the giant answered. "There is no one in the world to match me for strength. I think I could even break those chains of yours if I tried."

Prometheus felt his heart give a great leap at that, but he said nothing. Surely no man of earth could have the power to break chains forged by Hephaestus!

"But see here," Heracles went on, returning to his request, "won't you tell me how to find the Hesperides?"

Prometheus knew the story of that wonderful garden. At the marriage of Zeus and Hera, the earth goddess had brought, as her gift to Hera, a branch hung with golden apples. They were such beautiful apples that Hera had had them planted in a magical garden in the Western Isles, not far from the place where Atlas stood, holding the sky on his shoulders. At the foot of the tree a great, watchful dragon was coiled; but the real keepers of the garden were three lovely nymphs, known as the

Hesperides. The garden bore their name, and the apples, too, were called the apples of the Hesperides.

But Heracles was going on with his story.

"I have to get there, you know," he was saying. "I lost my temper and did things that shocked and angered a great many people. It is very difficult for me when I lose my temper. Before I can think what I am doing, I begin to lay about me with my club or throw stones or darts or spears; and with the enormous strength I have, no one can stand up against me. I killed the lion whose skin I wear, with my bare hands. I kill human beings sometimes. I'm always sorry afterward, but that doesn't bring anyone back to life."

"Aha!" Prometheus thought, remembering his brother Epimetheus, "I knew he would teach my poor, helpless creatures to behave like that!" But aloud he said: "Well, go on."

"And this time," Heracles continued, "I did such wild and wicked deeds that to make up for them I have been given twelve almost impossible tasks to perform. One of them is to bring the Golden Apples to King Eurystheus, and to get them, I have to find the way to the Gardens of the Hesperides."

"I'll tell you how to get there," said Prometheus, "But first, see if you really can break these chains of mine."

"I've been looking at them," Heracles answered. He reached over and gave the end of the chain that held Prometheus' wrist, a little tweak. "They're nothing," he said. "They're positively childish."

As he spoke, he got up and began to pull and tug at the chains. The rivets flew out of the rock, and in a moment all the iron links went spilling down the face of

the cliff, tinkling ever and ever more lightly till the last sound of them was lost in the waters far below. He loosened all the bonds; and almost before he could realize it, the Titan was free.

Free!

He got up and shook himself, took a deep breath of the sweet, cool air, and turned all the way around for a look at the world above and below him.

"The Hesperides?" Heracles reminded him good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes!" Prometheus said. "You're headed in precisely the wrong direction. Turn, go directly west until you come to the uttermost edge of the earth, and there you will find Atlas, one of my brothers, holding the sky on his shoulders. He is a tricky fellow, but very good-natured. Tell him what you want, and he will help you. As a matter of fact, he will get the apples for you, if you will hold up the sky while he is gone."

"That is wonderful!" Heracles exclaimed, picking up the eagle and the bow as he spoke. "I'll set out at once."

And off he went down the mountainside, his stout legs carrying him from boulder to boulder with most prodigious strides. He did not forget, however, to stop at the first olive grove he passed to make a wreath of olive leaves with which to bind his brow. Thus he was, in symbol, bound in the place of Prometheus, whom he had released; and thus would the wrath of Zeus be averted.

As for the secret which Zeus had been so anxious to learn, it is said that Prometheus sent him word that the nymph Thetis must marry a mortal. Zeus had wished to make a goddess of her and espouse her himself. But



He began to pull and tug at the chains.

Prometheus warned him that if he carried out this plan, the Fates had said that Thetis would have a son who would some day conquer Zeus as Zeus had conquered Cronus.

And then, when all this had been attended to, Prometheus went down to earth to see how men were faring.

Apollo in Delos

THE GODDESS LETO, WHOSE NAME MEANS *Darkness of the Night*, had two beautiful children. They were born on Delos, an island that is now anchored fast to the bottom of the ocean; in those very early times, however, it was the subject of a curious story. It had been a floating island, so the story said, wandering about under the surface of the waters, until the time came that Hera, queen of the gods, had a quarrel with Leto. In her anger, Hera made the earth promise never to give Leto a home. Helpless and despairing, the goddess wandered through all the lands of earth, seeking a place to rest, till Zeus, taking pity upon her, called his brother Poseidon from the depths of ocean and asked him to help her. Poseidon thought of the islet floating under the waves. This bit of rock had made no promise to Hera, so Poseidon brought it up to the light, stationed it in the center of a group of islands called the Cyclades, and Zeus fastened it there with chains so strong that an earthquake would not be able to dislodge it.

Leto crept up on the bare and rocky shore of the new island, and, very tired, sat down to rest under a palm tree. Over her bent the bright, hot sky; around her splashed the dark waves of the ocean; but nowhere could she see a sign of life.

"I wonder if it would be possible for me to stay here?" she said to herself. "This is a bare little place with only that tall mountain peak rising from its center, but I am so utterly weary that I would be grateful if I might make my home here."

As she spoke, something or someone came gliding across the sands. To her dazzled eyes it seemed at first to be a tall wave, spangled with foam and glittering in the hard, bright light; or perhaps it was a wreath of seaweed, she thought, drenched and sparkling with water and washed up by the waves. But after a moment she saw that it was a maiden, an ocean nymph, who came and spoke to her.

"You may live here if you like, Leto," the nymph said. "I am Delos, and this is my small, rock-bound island. But I have been told that your children will be great and powerful gods. Will they be satisfied with this bare, unpeopled place?"

"Ah, Delos," Leto cried joyfully, "this will be a favorite shrine for all who love my son! His most famous temple will rise here, and people will come from all the earth to do him honor!"

How happy was Delos then to know that her small, bare islet would become important and famous! In her mind's eye she could see down the future years, could have a vision of the great temple and altars that would stand on the slopes of Mount Cynthus, could hear the voices and the choric dances that would one day fill the island in honor of the sun god.

"Then stay here, Leto," she said. "Rest under my palm tree."

Delos refreshed the tired goddess with food and drink,

and later, with other nymphs and goddesses, attended her when her two children were born. They were twins, Artemis, the goddess of the moon, shining, silvery-pale, and cool, and Apollo, the god of the sun, so gloriously radiant that from the moment of his birth the whole world seemed brighter and more beautiful for his coming.

The goddesses wrapped the infant Apollo in fine, white garments with a golden girdle. Then Themis, a daughter of the Titans, brought him nectar and ambrosia, food of the gods, from Olympus. The little god drank the golden nectar, he ate of the ambrosia, and then, before the astonished eyes of nymphs and goddesses, he stood up as though he were already grown. The golden girdle broke, and the fine, white garments fell away from him. He smiled, and the onlookers were dazzled as though they had looked upon the face of the sun.

"I am Phoebus Apollo," he said in his warm, beautiful voice. "I know that the chariot of the sun is mine. Mine, too, are the glittering arrows of light that fall upon the earth, healing and blessing everything that grows."

His golden hair shone like the rays of the sun. The goddesses watched and listened in amazement. Should they allow him to walk away, as he seemed about to do, toward the mountain that rose from the center of the island? They looked at one another.

"If only we had a sign from Zeus!" they said.

They had scarcely uttered the words, when the sign came. First there were the swans, a great, white cloud of them. They flew slowly and solemnly around the island. Seven times they circled it, and, as they settled gracefully upon the dark ocean, the island began to

blush faintly, to turn delicately gold, to become alive with color. From the very top of Mount Cynthus down to the water's edge, myriads of gold-colored flowers sprang out of the rocks and blossomed, softly waving in the sea wind and shining in the sun, till there was not a particle of the brown rock to be seen, only flowers, golden and lovely, like a mantle of stars.

Apollo laughed aloud at the goddesses' delight, and then, quickly as light goes, he went over the earth, touching every part of it. He came finally to the glen in Pieria where he was to learn all that the Muses had to teach him. But before he came back to Delos or built his other shrines, he lived for awhile with the Hyperboreans, those happy people who never know darkness, and who dwell somewhere beyond the northernmost edge of the earth.

The Nightmare and His Brother

THERE WAS ONCE A VERY WISE AND BEAUTIFUL woman whose name was Iphimedia. She loved the earth almost more than she loved her life, and the ocean almost more than she loved the earth. She knew all about the creatures that live in the mysterious waters and all about the green things that grow in the soft ground. In autumn she gathered the seeds of every plant, and on the bare bright days that come at the end of winter, she put them in the moist earth and, laying her strong hands over each bed where she had buried them, she would make them a promise.

"Come up, growing things. Be alive. Put forth bud, leaf, flower, and fruit; and at harvest time, when your fruit is ripe and your green garments wither away, I will gather the new seeds in which lie the germs of your everlastingness, so that you may live again."

All that she planted, grew; and wherever she walked the earth became a garden.

When summer was gone and the sun veiled itself in blue haze morning and evening, she often passed fields that belonged to Aloeus, a husbandman. She stopped frequently to watch him as he cut the sheaves of wheat and barley and stacked them near the threshing floor where the ripe grain was to be separated from the chaff.

All day long he worked with flail and winnowing basket, while the wind blowing across the stubble, yellow and drenched with sun, carried from the threshing floor clouds of husk and fiber that billowed against the sky like golden smoke.

One day the husbandman and the wise woman were married, and from that time they worked together with great profit and joy. Each spring the ground put forth greener, sturdier plants, and each autumn the two gathered a richer harvest.

There were days when Iphimedia was needed neither for planting nor garnering. On those days she used to walk along the beach or sit close to the water so that she could see and listen to all that the blue immensity murmuring beyond the sands, had to tell her. Sometimes the waves cast gifts into her lap; seaweed, fish as bright and colorful as jewels, amber, coral, and pearl. And one cloudy day, when an enormous crested curl of water engulfed her for a moment, it left in her lap two babies, two dark, knowing children, whom she picked up in her arms and carried home to Aloeus.

"The ocean gave them to me," she told him. "They must be the children of Poseidon himself. May I keep them?"

"Not only that," the good Aloeus replied, "but they shall be as our own sons to us. We will nourish them on the fruit of our harvests, shelter them under our roof, and as they grow, they shall learn to work with us on the earth under the sweet rain and sun."

Iphimedia called the children by names that came to her mysteriously when she first touched them: Otus, which means the *Bird of Night*, and Ephialtes, which is

to say the *Nightmare*. They were living children, so it was impossible for her not to love them, though their behavior soon began to fill her with foreboding.

They were turbulent boys, sullen and determined. At first they fought with each other, tumbling about the floor or on the ground like a pair of snarling young wolves. But they soon discovered that it was more fun to torment others, and worked together to make their dreadful pranks more dreadful. They even liked to distress Iphimedia and Aloeus. Often on stormy spring nights they would uproot fields of young corn that their foster mother and father had planted; sometimes they would carry loads of garnered grain to the shore and, flinging it on the tide, watch it float away, soaked and irreclaimable.

Such tricks as these were nothing to them, for one of the most frightful facts concerning them was their rapid growth. When they were just a year old they were as tall and broad and strong as an ordinary grown person, and by the time that they were nine years old they were nine times as tall and broad and strong as an unusually large man. They were giants, as clever and wicked as they were powerful.

They liked best to work in storms. By some curious talent that they possessed, they learned to call in the tempest from across the ocean and set it to appalling tasks, such as despoiling crops, sweeping houses out to sea, and drowning defenseless creatures. As they grew older they kept the earth in such dark confusion that the wise woman and her husband were completely helpless. Seeds rotted in their beds; forests were laid waste in storms. Such night spread over the land that there were

no more plantings, no more harvests. Aloeus no longer went to his field or threshing floor; no longer did clouds of yellow chaff billow against the sky, nor baskets of ripe grain fill the storehouses.

Finally, one wet, black day the brothers stopped to look at each other and were suddenly smitten with the knowledge of their strength.

"We are the most powerful beings under heaven," Otus said. "Why should we leave things as those puny Olympians have arranged them?"

"Why, indeed?" Ephialtes answered. "Let us change everything around immediately. We will throw the land out there where they have left the ocean, and bring the ocean in here where they have placed the land."

They set to work with the greatest enthusiasm. They heaved boulders and promontories into the sea, and at once the water began to roar and splash and surge in toward the land. The tumult roused Zeus. He looked down from Olympus, saw what was going on, and called for Ares, the god of war, to put a stop to it.

Ares was the least admirable of the gods, but he was useful in times like these. As a matter of fact, times like these were very much of his liking. He enjoyed carnage and blood, and the sight of suffering gave him a sense of power. He was usually attended by two ghastly ministers whose names were Rout and Fear; but this time, having only two creatures to deal with, he went alone.

At the command of Zeus he hastened to earth, somewhat excitedly, to confront the giants; but the nearer he drew to his destination, the more baffled he became. Thick fogs covered land and sea, rising occasionally before fierce ocean winds that brought with them rain as

blinding as the fogs had been. Everything was flooded and steamy, and when the storms abated momentarily, he could see nothing between the mountains except bog and quagmire under a threatening sky.

The giants were nowhere to be seen, so Ares set out to look for them. The further he went the more difficult the way became, but at last he believed that he was approaching their hiding place, for just at the entrance of a thick wood, he began to hear howls of gigantic laughter above the noise of the rain and wind. He plunged into the gloomy wood, hurrying as fast as he could, though deep mud sucked at his feet, branches fell across his path, and tangles of rank growth impeded every movement. The rain was falling in sheets. He had decided that he must have been mistaken, that what he had supposed to be the cruel laughter of the giants must have been the howling of the storm, when a blast of wind and water swept him from his feet, he felt himself lifted up by mighty arms, close in his ears he heard once more the horrid laughter that he had thought was far away, and in the darkness he knew that he was being bound hand and foot.

The Nightmare and his brother had captured the god of war. They took him to a hidden cave and shut him up in a great bronze jar. He was bound so tightly that he could scarcely move, and there, secure from the sight of men and gods, Ares languished for long months.

Now the giants began to plan the storming of Olympus.

"I'll have a goddess for my wife!" Otus roared. "Artemis, the silver goddess of the moon, shall be mine!"

"And I," the Nightmare answered, howling with glee

at this new idea, "I will take Hera, the queen of them all!"

They knew that the gods could retreat to the sky if Olympus were really in danger, so they decided to pile the highest mountains on top of one another in order to scale the heavens. Forthwith they began to heap Mount Ossa upon Mount Pelion and planned to set both of them upon the top of Olympus.

Ossa upon Pelion and both upon Olympus! The sky would no longer be inaccessible, and the gods would be at the mercy of two giants!

But the gods had not been idle. They were unable to find Ares, it is true; but then they realized that Ares was, like all brutal natures, a very stupid god. All that Ares could do was to bludgeon and kill; but this time his adversary was as clever as he was strong. Accordingly, the gods had made a plan which they now began to put into operation.

Otus was much taken with the idea of espousing Artemis. He talked of her constantly. Often the storms were sent away so that he could look up at her silver chariot sailing serenely through the night sky. He soon began to imagine that he saw the goddess herself flitting in and out among the trees, and he would stop as he and Ephialtes worked at the moving of Mount Ossa, to watch for the light, wavering form that was now here, now there, and now was gone. Ephialtes said that the vision was only a dream, but one night he too saw her and, entranced, he and Otus left their work to follow her. She kept just ahead of them, a swift, shining figure that led them on and on, down from Ossa, down the coasts of Greece, across strait and gulf, over the in-



The giants buried their swords in each other.

numerable islands that dot the Aegean Sea, till at last she brought them to Naxos, one of the largest of the islands known as the Cyclades.

Once there, she disappeared. The giants spent all their time looking for her. When night came they saw her again, and from that time on she led them each night, over the island, up mountain, down dell. In the daytime they were so exhausted that they slept. They had forgotten all about piling Ossa upon Pelion. They had forgotten all about bringing up fresh storms.

One hot noonday they were roused from a deep slumber. The air was hushed and breathless as though the winds were all asleep the very sun seemed to have stopped in its course. Otus sat up.

"When I opened my eyes just then," he said wonderingly, "I saw the goddess. She stood among the trees there, as silver and enchanting as ever she seems at night, but with her there was someone else, a golden figure, strange and brilliant, who held in his hands a silver bow to which he was fitting golden arrows."

"Bah!" Ephialtes replied scornfully. "You were not awake, that's all! To imagine that you saw Apollo and Artemis in the broad daylight!"

Nevertheless, he looked around apprehensively. No gods nor goddesses greeted his gaze, but near the place where Otus declared that he had seen the gods, there was a young stag feeding. The beautiful creature lifted his sleek, fawn-yellow head to nibble at the fresh green of a myrtle branch, and the sun shone enticingly upon his glossy hide and slender, graceful legs.

The giants moved quickly, almost without a sound, but the stag heard them, for in one bound he was off and

away, over the hillside and through the forest, with the Nightmare and his brother close upon his heels. The giants had drawn their short swords, and followed with prodigious strides. But the marvellous stag was as fleet as he was beautiful. At last he led them, breathless, out into a low, green plain above which stood a steep hill, dashed to the top of the hill, and stood looking down upon them.

"Now we can kill him!" the brothers cried. "See! He is exhausted!"

Together, they rushed up the slope.

The stag stood motionless until they were upon him. At that instant he sprang between them, and the giants, moving frantically to finish him with one vigorous thrust of their weapons, buried their swords in each other instead and fell lifeless to the ground.

At a little distance the stag stopped, turned back once more, and in a twinkling had disappeared. Where the beautiful, fleet creature had been, there stood for the briefest instant, Artemis, the silver goddess of the moon.

The Nightmare and his brother were dead, and the earth began to recover from the havoc they had wrought. Apollo rode in his blazing chariot through the heavens all the long day, and the warmth and light of his equipage soon dried up the mud and mire. Hermes had found Ares after long searching, and had set him free, though he was wan and shaken from his long imprisonment in the brazen jar. A peaceful, hopeful air had begun to steal over the land; the wisewoman and her husband went out to plow and sow, for it was spring, and once again the smiling heavens promised a fruitful earth.

The Poet

ORPHEUS, A THRACIAN YOUTH, WHO LIVED IN some era of the dim and misty past, was a poet and a musician. No one had invented songs to match the ones he sang, and when he accompanied himself on the lyre or harp, men would stop whatever they were doing to come and listen. The very beasts of the forest crept out from their dens to hear him, and the trees bent above him, sighing their pleasure in his music.

He loved the nymph Eurydice and married her. But on their wedding day, as Eurydice and her bridesmaids were walking through a little grove, she stepped upon a small, poisonous snake, was bitten by it, and died.

Orpheus was inconsolable. He left the river beside which he had lived, and wandered over the earth, mourning for Eurydice and singing beautiful songs about her. He made his home in a cave on the lower slopes of Mount Olympus for awhile; he haunted the groves and meadows of Pieria; he stopped at Chalcis where the Argonauts were getting ready to set out on their journey for the Golden Fleece, and was persuaded to go with them.

There was, however, no place on earth, no adventure, no new occupation that could erase from his thoughts the memory of Eurydice, and at last he went down to

Taenarus in Laconia, to the opening in the hillside that was the entrance to the underworld. Into this dark place he stepped and came, after awhile, to the kingdom of Aïdoneus, lord of the dead.

He stood on the farther side of the River Styx, playing on his lyre and singing of Eurydice, and the spirits in that dark and toilsome place stopped to listen. They wept to hear him. Even Aïdoneus, the cold-hearted king of death, was touched, and when Orpheus sang that he had come to beg the return of his bride, Eurydice, Aïdoneus sent for her.

She came, pale and still limping from her wound.

"Take her with you," said Aïdoneus, seeing the joy and gratitude in the eyes of both. "But remember that she goes on one condition. You, Orpheus, must lead the way to earth once more, and Eurydice shall follow. But if you look back even once to make sure that she is really there, Eurydice will return to the lower world again, and this time forever."

Orpheus promised, and, overjoyed, the two set out. It was a steep path that they must travel, dark, cold, and full of pitfalls. Many times he longed to turn to see if Eurydice was safe, but he remembered his promise. At last, however, they began to see the sunlight streaming into the chasm, and then the brambles and bushes of the wild hillside, and the clouds and blue sky of heaven. They were almost safe, and Orpheus could no longer endure the suspense. He turned quickly for one glimpse of Eurydice and held out his hand to help her up the last, difficult slope. But to his horror, she began at once to fade into the darkness, and all his grief and

tears, all his remorse, could not bring her to the light of day again.

"Eurydice!" he cried. "Eurydice!"

Her answer came faintly from the black depths of the chasm.

"Farewell forever, Orpheus! Farewell!"

He plunged into Taenarus once more, but was driven back from the margin of the River of Death. In vain he begged to die and follow her, but, finally deciding that his prayers were useless, he went to live on the top of the mountain Rhodope, where he sang new songs, such sad and beautiful songs that men almost worshiped the singer.

Once, it is said, he walked up a bare hill where there was grass, but not a tree was growing. He sat down at the top of the hill, took out his lyre, and began to play and sing. Oak trees crept up the slope to plant themselves; poplar and linden trees, the beech, the laurel, the hazel, the ash, maple, pine, and fir trees arranged themselves in shady groves. There came myrtles and boxwood and tamarisk, and after them, the vines, ivy and grape. In the near-by pools, lotus plants spread their leaves and opened their white buds. Birds gathered on the branches of the trees, and wild beasts sat listening at the edges of the groves. And in the midst of all this, the poet sat and played his lyre and sang.

Other nymphs and maidens loved him, too.

"Since Eurydice is lost to you forever, Orpheus," they said, "choose one of us to marry."

But Orpheus refused. He could not be happy without Eurydice. And at last all the nymphs and maidens in that part of the world conceived a great anger against

him. One day when they were in the mazes of a ceremonial dance they came upon him, singing and playing songs of the lost Eurydice, and this wicked anger took hold of them. They set upon Orpheus, killed him, tore his body limb from limb, and threw it into a swift river.

The lyre floated down the river, so it is said, close by the poor, severed head of Orpheus, and above the rushing waters there could still be heard his sweet and mournful music.

The dryads, the oak-tree nymphs, gathered up his body and buried it. But Orpheus had at last come to the kingdom of Aïdoneus, where he and Eurydice could walk hand in hand through the shades of the underworld together.

The earth has not forgotten him. Nightingales that nest upon his tomb are said to sing more sweetly than any others of their kind. And wherever poetry and music are loved, his story will be told.

The Oracle at Delphi

APOLLO WAS DESTINED TO SPEAK THE WISDOM of the gods to men, and he came down from Olympus one day to establish his shrine. There were regions on the earth which, for one reason or another, the gods found especially favorable, and from which they issued advice and commands. These places, with the temples that were usually set up in them and the guardians and priestesses through whom the god spoke, were known as oracles. It was necessary for Apollo to find such a place for his own oracle.

Below Olympus, rivers meeting for their journey to the sea flowed through deep, wooded glens. The most beautiful of these vales was that of the Peneus, and it was here, in Pieria, that Apollo had lived with the Muses during his earliest years. Now, as he walked through the valley, he lingered for a while in this familiar spot, where, from grassy lawns between the dark woods and the stream, the snowy peaks of Ossa and Olympus could be seen.

"Shall I build my temple here?" he wondered.

But instantly he was surrounded by the nine goddesses, the lovely Muses.

"Here, in our sacred vale, Apollo?" they echoed in dismay.

He looked at the nine, as beautiful as their names: Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polhymnia, Urania, and Calliope.

"I will not take your shrine, Muses," he promised them.

And so he left them. He went southward from Pieria, through Iolcus, down the coast, and across the narrow, windy strait of Euripus. West of Euripus and over the mountains, he came to valleys where the grass grew thick and green, with belts of wildwood here and there. It was here that the great city of Thebes would be built in later years, but Apollo was not thinking of the distant future. He was concerned with a mysterious radiance that filled him the moment he came into this place, a warmth and sweetness that seemed to flow from himself and find an answering warmth in everything he saw. This was a divine region in which he could feel delight.

"I might build my temple here," he said.

He stood at the edge of a dense grove of trees and was about to enter, when all at once he heard the noise of chariot wheels and the thud of hoofs. He drew back and watched, unseen.

Standing upright in a small, brightly painted car drawn by a pair of spirited horses, a man drove into the little, ancient wood. He had come from a distance, evidently, for his chariot was caked with mud, and his long tunic was miry and bedraggled. At the edge of the grove he drew the horses to a stop and, dismounting, threw the reins over their necks.

"Too weary to go fast or far, poor creatures!" he said aloud as he watched them wander away under the

trees. "Poseidon grant that I may not lose my chariot in this, the bright grove of Onchestus!"

And now Apollo understood his feeling of delight in the place. The grove of Onchestus was a favorite shrine of Poseidon, the powerful sea god. But no other god would wish to build his temple here. In honor of the sea god, travelers invariably sent their horses through the trees unguided. Sometimes the chariots came through safely, but the grove was full of the ruins of those broken in this ancient rite. As Apollo left the place, the charioteer was following his equipage anxiously. The horses had begun to trot toward a patch of greensward, the empty chariot rattling and swaying behind them.

Apollo crossed the dusty course where races were often held. He turned north and came, after a little distance, to a meadow, where he found a stony basin within which a spring of clear, cold water bubbled from the earth. It came up in a deep well and, spilling out among ferns and flowers, went sparkling away through the meadow like a ribbon of light.

Apollo stood at the margin of the spring. He looked down at the clear water and saw how the white pebbles at the bottom turned to silver and pearl under his gaze.

"I shall build my temple here," he said.

The water bubbled faster, but Apollo paid no heed to that.

"I shall build my temple here," he said again.

He pointed to the little stones that were scattered all about, and they hurried into place, marking out the foundations of the temple. There was a great square, long and wide, above which he could imagine the columns, the white walls, the lovely roof, the great bronze

doors through which men would come to hear his decrees and to bring gifts.

But as he stood thinking of all this, the stream behind him bubbled faster and faster till the noise of the water was like an angry voice, a sweet, shrill voice, that said: "Apollo! Phoebus Apollo! Listen to me, Apollo!"

He turned as the nymph rose out of the water, all green and silver and pearl. Her eyes were full of tears. She spoke pleadingly.

"Would you take my spring, Apollo?" she asked.

Apollo knew her at once. She was the water nymph, Telphusa.

"I have chosen this place for my temple, Telphusa," he answered. "This will be a place of oracle for men."

"I love my spring in the wildwood," the nymph said wistfully.

"Men will come here from all the world to bring fair gifts, and I will speak to them from my oracle in the rich temple. Your shrine will become both rich and famous," said Apollo.

"But I love my spring in the wildwood more than I could ever love riches and fame," the nymph replied. Then a cunning gleam came into her eyes. "Have you forgotten the grove of Onchestus, Apollo?" she asked. "Chariots rattle through it all day long. The noises of the racecourse, the shouts of men, the thud of horses' hoofs, the clouds of dust, all of that is never-ending. Besides, all who pass here come to do honor to Poseidon. Will they have a thought to spare for you? I have a better idea. Beyond the seaport town of Crisa, west and north of this place, there is a towering mountain with

twin peaks. The name of the mountain is Parnassus. Once you see it you will forget this simple meadow and woodland. There your temple will stand in a solitude of such grandeur that every other place on earth will seem insignificant to you."

"Parnassus," Apollo repeated thoughtfully. "The very name draws me to that mountain."

He glanced toward Onchestus and recalled the dusty racecourse and the chariots that lay broken among the trees. The nymph was right. He could not build his temple here. He pointed to the little stones and they lifted themselves and went back to lie scattered where they had lain before.

In another moment he was gone, and as the light faded from her meadows and wildwood, Telphusa sank happily to the green depths of her spring. She had kept the place for her own, but the water gurgled and laughed to think of the trick she had played upon the sun god and of what he would find when he came to Crisa.

On the north shore of the gulf that divides Greece in two parts, the ancient seaport town of Crisa lay nestled in the midst of its luxuriant vineyards. Just behind it rose the mountains, and here, upon Mount Parnassus, Apollo found the place he sought. Far up the mountain-side there was a lofty ridge that fell sharply away toward a ravine dark with trees and very deep. The air that came from the ravine was cold, as though sunlight never penetrated there. Opposite the ridge there stood a wall of shining rock that extended itself in two sharp peaks, wild, bare, and utterly lonely. It was a silent place, and

more than all the others it seemed beautiful to the god.

"I shall build my temple here," Apollo said.

An echo from the wall of rock replied, *build my temple here!*

No other voice answered him, but after a moment a cold breath rose from the hollow dell, an evil-smelling breath like a gust of wind from some marshy, stagnant pool. Apollo looked far down into the cleft between the trees and saw something at the bottom that gleamed faintly.

"Only the shadows, the trees, and a stagnant pool," he thought, turning to mark out the foundations of the temple.

At once there came a long sigh from the dark ravine, a long, deep sigh, and the slow rustle of something moving. Apollo held his silver bow and quiver of golden arrows in readiness, and once more he spoke, loud and strong this time, so that the echo from the shining rocks was like another voice.

"I shall build my temple here!"

Immediately, great waves of cold air rushed up the cliff, bringing with them a feverish odor that billowed like smoke in which the very leaves hung sick and yellow. At the same time, he could hear the unmistakable sound of a long, heavy body, gliding, sliding, climbing, dragging itself along so rapidly that the whole mountain seemed to shake with the thunder of its approach.

"I shall build my temple here!" Apollo cried exultantly, for now he had recognized his enemy.

There had once been a devastating flood on the earth, and when the waters receded, a great serpent arose from

the mud that was left. This huge snake, or dragon, lived in the caves below Parnassus, and had created havoc in the countryside ever since. It destroyed men and their flocks and was so frightful and so desperately feared that it had kept everyone away from the ancient oracle that the earth goddess had established near by.

And now Apollo waited for this dragon, the Python, to appear. When it came, its head, enormous, black, and slimy, lifted slowly over the edge of the cliff, while its body, stretching from the very bottom of the chasm, pushed itself up and over, coil upon coil, gliding toward the ridge where Apollo stood gloriously bright and unafraid, fitting a golden arrow to his silver bow.

Everything the Python touched or looked upon, except the sun god, died. The leaves, the grass, the small creatures scurrying away from its approach, all fell limp and lifeless before it. Even the air about it was like a dark, sickening cloud. As the serpent lifted itself above the cliff, opening its dreadful mouth to breathe death upon the bright figure facing it, Apollo loosed the shaft he held in readiness. Straight to its mark the arrow sped, and then as the Python rushed toward the god, another arrow followed and another and another, till countless arrows, clean, swift, powerful as the rays of the sun at midday, found their mark, and the Python fled, rolling in anguish toward the dark defile.

Apollo followed relentlessly; and now, wherever they passed, the dead leaves, the withered grass, the small, limp bodies, all sprang to life again. The Python, writhing through the wood with the thunderous uproar of a storm, reached the bottom of the ravine at last, and there Apollo slew it. As the dragon died, the warm sun

came pouring down the cliff, drying up all the stagnant, feverish pools, until presently, along the stony channel, sweet, fresh water from the springs on Mount Parnassus began to sparkle in a clear and healthful stream.

Not only was the Python dead, but every trace of the horrid creature disappeared in a little while, rotted away by the fierce heat of the sun, and crumbled, indistinguishable, into dust. Apollo had turned Telphusa's trick into a boon to all mankind.

He went back, now, to the building of his temple. When it was completed, he was pleased to see that it was a fair and noble building, standing alone in a place of grandeur. But he must have men to tend its altar fires, and as he was wondering where he could find them, he looked from the summit of Mount Parnassus and saw a swift, black ship coming across the ocean from the south.

It was just at this time that a merchant ship had set out from the island of Crete. She was bound for Pylos, a city built around a curving half-moon of sandy beach on the west coast of Greece. Across the mouth of the harbor at Pylos, there lay a long, narrow island, protecting the town from storms and making of the bay a pleasant inland sea where a ship could rock at ease while the merchant sailors who manned her sold their wares and visited with the townsfolk. The traders always looked forward to this voyage, and today, as their oars dipped up and down in the blue water, and the sail filled with wind, and the ship moved swiftly toward the shores of Greece, they thought happily of their various plans.

A young musician sat in the prow of the vessel, his

lyre in his hand, and sang as they rowed. He sang old stories that the sailors loved, stories of the gods, stories of heroism in far countries, and of the sweet joy of returning home. But suddenly he put down his lyre.

"I have a strange presentiment," he said. "I feel that something wonderful beyond imagination is going to happen to us!"

The bluff seamen laughed, and the helmsman said, "Take up your lyre again, lad! Such notions are but nonsense!"

But the boy sat silent, as if he had not heard one word.

Down dipped the prow of the black vessel into the trough of a huge wave, a mountain of water, deep-sea blue and green, and capped at its peak with foam; and as she dipped and rose again, the water broke over her in a drenching rain so that the sailors were half drowned and blinded for a moment. For a little the mariners were breathlessly busy with sail, rudder, and oars, but presently, when the ship was once more moving like a bird between water and sky, the captain wiped his face, and, taking a long breath of relief, turned to the youth whose lyre had been quiet for some time.

"Quick, boy! Music to give us courage before another such deluge strikes us!" he said.

But the boy's face was filled with wonder, his eyes were fixed upon the deck of the little cabin in the stern, and all the sailors turned at once to see what it was that had so bewitched him.

On the cabin roof there sat a dolphin, a small, black whale, swaying to and fro, the water that dripped from

him making a curious, gleaming brightness upon his glossy hide.

"What is this?" the frightened sailors whispered to one another. "A dolphin? Yes, of course. But on board ship! It must be an omen, a great and terrible portent!"

Their faces were pale with anxiety. The captain stood against the mast; the youth held his lyre; and silently the mariners watched the dolphin swaying on the cabin roof and felt the timbers of the hollow ship shake beneath its weight.

On and on the boat sailed over an ocean that had suddenly become glassy and untroubled. The sailors no longer moved about their tasks, neither to dip their oars in the water nor to change the rigging nor to shift the rudder. The south wind filled the sail, and the boat moved swiftly around the point of Malea between its rocky cliffs and the island of Cythera. They passed Laconia and a pleasant land where there were green meadows and white flocks placidly feeding.

"Let us stop," the sailors whispered. "Perhaps the dolphin will leap into the sea when we put in to land."

The pilot carefully pointed the ship toward the shore, and one of the mariners tried to furl the sail, but a miraculous thing happened then. The ship would not obey the rudder; the wind snatched sail and ropes from the mariners' hands, and the ship, shuddering under the swaying of the dolphin, flew straight along the west coast of Greece till it came to the long island that guarded the mouth of the harbor at Pylos.

"Surely we may stop here!" the sailors said.

But in despair they saw the island and the entrance to the harbor disappear in the distance as the boat

swept past. On and on they sailed. The men looked at one another, silent and afraid.

"We are lost!" they said.

They had passed the island of Zacynthus with its trees and were in sight of the mountain peaks of Ithaca, when the wind suddenly changed. It began to blow from the west, and as they came to the entrance of the narrow gulf that divides the mainland of Greece in two parts, the ship, blown by this mysterious wind, began to sail backward toward the east and into the gulf. The sailors, their faces dark with fear, looked at the youth who sat in the prow of the boat. He had not taken his eyes from the dolphin but continued to gaze entranced at the strange figure that swayed gently to and fro on the roof of the little cabin.

"Tell us, lad," the one nearest him whispered, "did the Muses on Mount Ida warn you of this thing?"

"No," said the boy. "But I felt it when first we sailed out on the water; and I know, too, that our adventure is not yet complete."

By this time the mountains behind Crisa were visible through the clouds. The vine-clad slopes near the sea and the twin peaks of Mount Parnassus came into view, and finally the roof tops of the little town. In a little while, the ship, moving more and more slowly, came to rest near the shingly beach, riding on the water as gently as if Zeus himself had placed her there. In that instant the dolphin disappeared and for a moment a burst of light took its place upon the cabin roof. Some said afterward that a comet had appeared. Certain it was that the moment that the ship came to rest, a star sprang from the cabin roof and soared over the little



The sailors, their faces dark with fear, looked at the youth.

town in such showers of light that a glory filled the heavens, and Crisa, bathed in its awful splendors, was terrified. The star flew to the temple on Parnassus and was seen no more.

In the quiet that followed, a young man came down to the ship. His looks, his manner, his voice, all indicated that he was no ordinary human being.

"Why do you not bring your ship up on the beach, sailors?" he asked them. "Why do you sit so quiet, as if you were stunned or afraid? When men come in from a long voyage they think first of taking care of their ship and then of food. Are you not hungry?"

"Tell us what land this is," the captain answered. "What sort of men live here? For truly we did not come here by our own design, but were brought to this place by the power of some god. And now we do not know what is to be required of us nor which way to turn."

Then the god answered, for it was he.

"I am Apollo," he said. "I brought you here. I saw your black ship from afar and led you all the way around the coasts of Greece that you might become my priests and minister to the worshipers in my temple on Parnassus."

"We are only rude seamen . . ." the captain began.

But the youth with the face of a poet had come forward, and now he spoke, interrupting the captain's speech.

"This is the destiny that I knew we were to meet," he said, his eyes upon the god. "This is the thing I foretold: something wonderful and dreadful and beautiful beyond imagination."

He was eager to leave the ship, to go with Apollo to

the temple on Parnassus. The sailors, looking fearfully at one another, were aware that if they followed his example, they could never see Crete again, never again live the lives of ordinary men. They would be somewhat lonely and apart, dwelling forever in the services of Apollo, a bondage at once exacting and divine. Of all the gods there was none to equal him in splendor. The god of light, of music, of poetry, of healing, nothing impure, ugly, or false might come near him. Those who served him served also everything that man could conceive of as best and brightest. The sailors knew this, and though their hearts ached with sorrow for all that they could never see again, the knowledge that Apollo had found them worthy filled them with a solemn joy that grew until it shone like light upon their faces.

"Tell us what we must do," the captain said.

Then Apollo bade them bring their ship up on the beach, build an altar, light a fire, and make an offering of white meal to the gods of Olympus. After that they were to cook and eat their supper under the lee of the black ship, and when they could eat and drink no more, they were to pour a libation to the gods.

This they did, and when they had finished, they left the ship and the altar. Apollo led them, playing on his lyre, and as they marched, they sang the paeon, the hymn to Apollo the Healer. And so they came to Parnassus to live as priests of the temple and the oracle in the place that was called Delphi.

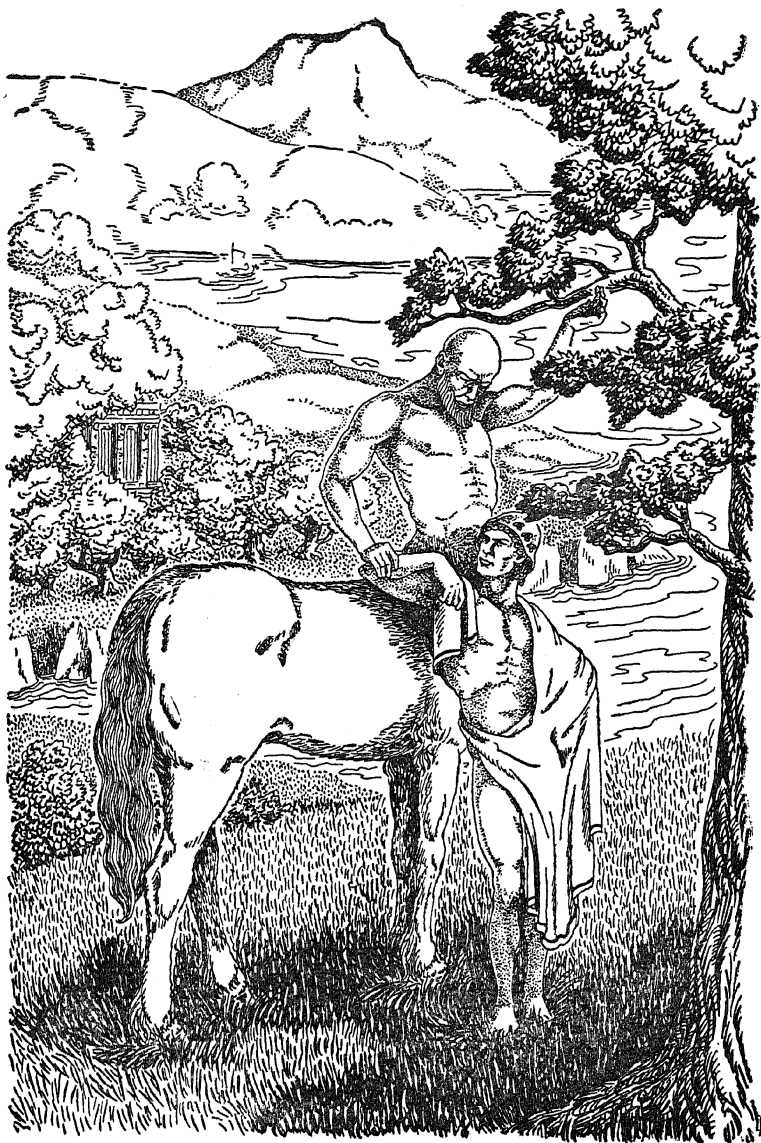
The Physician

IN THE GREAT OLD DAYS OF THE HEROES, A remarkable youth came down from Mount Pelion to make his home in Thessaly. He was Asclepius, the son of Apollo and Coronis, a princess of Larissa, and his beauty, his generosity, and his wisdom captured the hearts of all who knew him. But the gift for which he became most widely famed was his ability to cure illnesses and heal wounds.

This was his story:

His mother having died when he was an infant, he had been taken by his father, Apollo, to live with Chiron, the centaur. Chiron was a wonderful being. Half man, half horse, like all the centaurs, he was very different from others of his kind in habit and temperament. Where they were savage creatures, destructive and cruel, he was one of the wisest and gentlest of beings. He lived somewhere in the high fastnesses of Mount Pelion, in a vast, dark cave. The gods often entrusted their sons and favorites to him for training. For he was not only kind and good, but there was no art or skill in which he was not proficient. Thus he became the teacher of many of the gods and heroes, and was much beloved.

Chiron taught Asclepius all the arts of healing: how to bind wounds, how to cool fevers, how to set broken



Chiron taught Asclepius all the arts of healing.

bones, how to use herbs and potions, how to banish pain. Asclepius brought this knowledge with him when he came down from Mount Pelion, and immediately his fame began to spread. Mothers with ailing children sought him out. Warriors suffering from wounds and injuries stayed with him for awhile and came away healed. When Jason, a young prince of Iolcus, gathered a company of noble youths and heroes to go on the great ship *Argo* in search of the Golden Fleece, he persuaded Asclepius to make the voyage with them. By his skill the great healer saved the Argonauts much distress.

Upon his return, the stories told of him were so wonderful that many people were ready to believe him a god in mortal guise. It was even said that Athena had given him a powerful distillation with which he could bring the dead to life.

The time soon came when he was asked to prove this miraculous ability. Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, King of Athens, was driving along the shore of the Gulf of Corinth one day. Suddenly a great wave rose out of the water, took the form of a black bull with enormous, outspread horns, and, rushing toward the chariot of the young prince, so frightened the horses that they ran away, and Hippolytus was dragged to death.

Theseus, the king, was inconsolable. But the wise men of Athens recalled to him the stories about Asclepius.

"In Thessaly," they said, "it is whispered that he can bring the dead to life."

So Theseus sent for Asclepius. The wonderful physician came, and by the use of herbs and his own mysteri-

ous knowledge, made the young man whole again. Hippolytus came back to life.

But Zeus, troubled that a mortal man should possess secrets that belong to the immortal gods, sent a bolt of lightning that struck the great healer and killed him.

Then an ancient prophecy concerning Asclepius was recalled.

"He shall be gentle and wise, and by his knowledge and art many shall be healed, and some shall be brought back from death," the prophet had foretold. "But the immortal gods, jealous of such powers, will strike him down with thunder and take him from the earth."

Young Hermes

AT THE TIME WHEN THE TITANS WERE DRIVEN out of the heavens, Maia and her sisters, the daughters of the Titan, Atlas, took refuge in the mountains of Arcadia. It was here, in Maia's cave, high on the steep slopes of Mount Cyllene, that Hermes, the son of Zeus and Maia, was born.

Maia's cave was no ordinary mountain den. Its entrance, half hidden by the leafy forest and fringed with myrtle thickets, vines, and tall grasses, opened into the loftiest of rooms, softly carpeted and hung with fabrics woven of the colors and textures of spring flowers. Three enormous chests were ranged along the walls. Maia's robes were heaped in one; another was filled with jewels of gold and silver; and the third held a store of nectar and ambrosia, the magic food of the gods. Light, coming from some hidden source, pervaded the apartment, and wherever a foot pressed the carpet or a hand touched walls, faint fragrance arose, bringing with it elusive memories of things half forgotten, loved, and faraway.

The great hall opened into a number of inner rooms. At dawn of the day on which Hermes was born, Maia's nymphs placed in one of these inner rooms a wide basket of the sort that is used for winnowing corn.

Softly lined, it made a beautiful cradle. The nymphs believed that all babies should be cradled in winnowing baskets for luck.

Maia left her baby among his pillows, thinking that, like most new babies, he would sleep for hours. But Hermes was a little god. He waited just long enough to make sure that everyone was busy in some distant part of the cave, then, slipping out of the winnowing basket, he ran through the great hall to the entrance, where he stood looking out for a moment.

The sun, the air, the dancing shadows of the leaves were sweet. Far below the mountain he could see the meadows of Arcadia, green and gilded in the early sunlight; in the meadows, sheep, like pale, moving flowers at this distance, cropped the dewy grass. He had only a glance for such things, however, for almost immediately his attention was drawn to something close at hand, something amusing, fascinating as small, live creatures always are to babies. It was a tortoise, a rather large tortoise with a speckled carapace, and it waddled slowly toward him, feeding upon the sweet grass as it came.

"A lucky omen!" the little god murmured, lifting the creature in his two hands and peering down at the curious, dark-gray head before it was withdrawn to the protection of the shell. "And such a gay garment for a queer, slow beast to wear! Such a gay, pretty, speckled shell! Where did you get it, tortoise?"

The tortoise would neither answer nor put out its head again, though Hermes called it "darling" and "dancer" and coaxed it ever so sweetly. At last he took it into the cave and sat down with it in the patch of sunlight at the door. On the fragrant, flowery carpet his

treasure looked like some strange, speckled stone. For a long time he gazed at it while little winds of thought played around his bright, mischievous head. Snatches of sound filled the air, so soft as to be scarcely discernible, like the faint sound of breezes passing, or the far-off note of tides at the full. And as he listened, an idea began to form itself in Hermes' mind.

There was in the cave a store of fine, strong cord made from sheeps' entrails dried and twisted. It was used for a variety of purposes, from the tying of bundles of wool and flax, to the stringing of garlic pods, onions, or bunches of herbs hung up to dry. Hermes ran to the niche where this hoard was kept and selected from it seven lengths of varying thickness. He stretched one of the cords tightly between his two hands, blew upon it, and was pleased to hear the faintest of murmurs vibrate for a moment on the air.

He set to work in earnest then. He killed the sullen tortoise, scooped out the shell with a piece of bronze, cleaned it thoroughly, and then did a number of things to it. He bored holes in it, fitting stalks of hollow reed cut to the proper length, in the holes; he stretched a piece of ox hide over the open shell; he found two graceful, curved sticks, almost twice as long as the shell, and fastened them in so that they looked like two long horns with a crosspiece connecting them. From the crosspiece to the shell, where he had fitted a little bridge, he stretched the seven lengths of sheep gut, tuned them by tightening them to the proper pitch, and when all was ready, he struck the strings one by one with a plectrum, or bit of tortoise shell, which he held between his fingers. At that, most wondrous sounds arose from the

carapace of the dead tortoise, sounds of music, the like of which had not been heard on earth before.

Presently, the wonderful baby, not yet a day old, began to sing to the accompaniment of his newly created lyre. He sat in the patch of sunlight near the door of the cave, with not a soul to hear him, and sang of the gods, of the beautiful home in which he and Maia lived, and of all the things that he would like to do, making up the songs as he went. As a matter of fact, the words, as well as the tunes, seemed to come from somewhere outside himself as though they were teaching him a great many things that it was impossible for a new baby to know. After a bit, he began to sing about something that was exciting to him. The new song told about meadows in a land called Pieria, meadows in which the cattle of the gods strayed, meadows deep with grass and starred with asphodel and violets.

Hermes' eyes began to sparkle with mischief; in the very midst of the song he stopped, and, laughing gleefully, he ran back to his cradle to hide his lyre.

"Such a joke!" he was saying to himself as he danced through the long hall once more. "Such a marvelous, glorious, unguessable joke! And there's just time to do it!"

In another moment the little god stood at the very summit of Cyllene, looking out over the earth.

"Pieria?" he was thinking. "Now where in the world is Pieria?"

But as soon as he faced the north, a tingling certainty took hold of him. North of Arcadia, beyond the mountains, lay the narrow Gulf of Corinth that divides Greece

in two parts. On the further side of the gulf were high mountains, among them the twin peaks of Parnassus. Much further north and in a more easterly direction, there were dim, blue heights with the faint shadows of valleys folded in between. Somewhere in that vague, purple distance, were the meadows of Pieria where the cattle of the gods were kept, watched over by Apollo. The longer Hermes looked, the more certain he became of this. After a few moments he set out to find them.

He ran among the shadowy hills, light as a breeze from the south, through Arcadia and Achaia, across the gulf, through Phocis with its heights and Thessaly with its green valleys, past the steep summits of Pelion and Ossa, till he came to the glens of Pieria below Olympus' snowy peaks. And there he stopped.

The blazing chariot of the sun god had just rolled behind the western horizon; a few gold clouds lay here and there about the sky; in the east the pale moon, risen early, rode with almost no luster as yet; and from the Aegean Sea, toward whose waters these mountains sloped, puffs of evening mist came creeping. These wraiths of mist sought low places in the glens, and, as Hermes followed them, they moved gently inland, borne on a mild wind. They floated low over the meadows where Apollo's cattle strayed, mingling with them in the brief twilight, so that white cow and white cloud were, at a little distance, indistinguishable. But, as the breeze continued to blow and to become stronger in the deepening night, and as the moon began to shine more brightly, the mists were blown away. Then on the fragrant meadows Hermes could see Apollo's white cows with golden horns, crooked horns of an ample, almost

noble beauty, softly gleaming under the round, full moon; milk-white cows with golden horns in the sweet, dark meadows of the gods.

The cunning infant hid himself in the breeze. Gently he touched each broad, white forehead, and toward each sensitive nostril he blew a mischievous fragrance that spoke of oats and corn, and yellow meal. As the cows moved restlessly, lifting their noses to the fascinating scent, he withdrew a little and a little and a little, until presently there were fifty cows following him out of the dark meadows toward the sandy beach. It was all so cleverly done that neither the black bull, feeding apart in a neighboring glen, nor the four fierce hounds, intelligent as men, who guarded the pasture, were aroused.

On his way the little god gathered twigs of myrtle and tamarisk which he bound together in two flat bundles, and when he came to the shore, he stopped to bind upon his feet these curious, large mats like wide, leafy sandals. He ran for a short distance on the sand, looking back to see his own footprints, and strange they were, indeed, not like the footprints of any man or beast yet known. Pleased, little rogue that he was, Hermes then turned his attention to the cattle.

The white cows were facing their meadows once more. He began to drive them around and around over the sand so that their tracks became confused, almost obliterated. Presently the bewildered herd found itself fleeing backward down the beach, through the green valleys of Thessaly, over the rocky passes of Phocis, almost under the shadow of Parnassus, and around the grassy margin of a great lake, beyond which they came to

Onchestus, where there were vineyards, sweet grass, and the dark grove of the sea god, Poseidon.

An old man was tending his vines near Onchestus. The moon was so bright that he could see to dig a little, and, as he was bending over to pull up some weeds, he heard a soft, rushing sound in the air above him, and knew that the silvery moonlight was darkened as though a swift cloud had veiled the sky. He looked up, and in the vague light he saw a strange thing. A herd of white cows with golden horns, pale and indistinct as ghosts, rushed past him, flying backward as if blown by some powerful, unearthly wind; following them there came a child, running, in spite of his queer, large sandals, with such light joyousness that even a very old heart leaped to see him.

The old man rubbed his eyes. Surely this must be a dream. But no: the little boy had sprung to the top of one of the vineyard posts and was bending down to say softly, in a voice like laughter: "Old man, see thou and see not; hear thou and hear not! Be silent, and this year thou shalt have grapes in abundance, when these vines start bearing!"

With the last word the incredible child was gone. The moon shone out, strong and bright once more, and only the fading sound of the wind as it rushed away beyond the dark grove was left to assure the bewildered ancient that the thing had really happened.

By the time that morning came, Hermes and the cattle had reached the mouth of the river Alpheius on the western shore of Greece. He herded the lowing kine into a deep byre just in front of a cave there, and gave them lotus and marsh weeds and sweet grass to eat.



The little boy had sprung to the top of the vineyard posts.

Meanwhile, he built a huge fire on the riverbank. Then he drove all but two of the beautiful cows into the cave and hid them. He killed the two cows he had selected and burned them as an offering to Zeus and the other Olympians. And when he had finished, it was night again. He put out the fire and worked all night long to spread the dust smooth where the fire had been. He threw his leafy sandals into the deepest pool of the river, and, at last, in the light of the setting moon, he went back to Mount Cyllene. At dawn he crept through the keyhole of his mother's cave, slipping through it like a breath of night wind, and fled swiftly through the dwelling to his cradle. There he cuddled down among his covers like any simple baby, and tucked his lyre under his arm.

He did not succeed in deceiving his mother, however. Maia heard him and came at once to the cradle to scold him.

"Naughty child!" she said, trying not to laugh when she saw how he pretended to be waking drowsily out of sleep. "I know all about your mischievous behavior. What do you think Apollo will say when he finds that you have stolen his cattle?"

Hermes sat up, his eyes twinkling.

"Goddess Mother," he answered, "are we to live in a cave on earth, like the merest peasants? We are gods, you and I, and when Zeus and Apollo have had enough of my daring, they will see that we are brought to Olympus, where we belong, and we shall live there forever!"

For it was true that Hera, queen of the gods, had not

yet been willing for Maia, daughter of the Titans, to join the company of the immortal gods.

"Sh-h-h!" Maia cautioned, laying a finger on his lips. "Even now I hear someone at our door! If Apollo has come, as I believe, you must do your explaining to him!"

Nevertheless, as she left him to greet the angry sun god, she smiled reassuringly upon the small mischief-maker, who lay among his coverlets, innocent and sleepy-eyed once more.

Apollo had been hard upon the tracks of the cattle thief all night. On the previous morning he had driven his golden steeds up from the eastern horizon as usual, and, as usual, when he crossed the Aegean Sea and touched that part of the heavens just above Pieria, he had looked down to enjoy a glimpse of his white cows grazing in their meadows. To his great astonishment, there were no cows to be seen. The black bull was there in a narrow part of the glen between two steep hills, and the four fierce dogs were romping together in the flowery fields, but the milk-white cows with golden horns had disappeared. Greatly disturbed, Apollo completed his journey across the sky, but when night came, he hastened earthward to look for the cows.

The meadows were still empty. On the sandy beach he found a confused maze of tracks with but one clue to what had happened. Among the hoofprints of the cows there was an enormous, scratchy footprint unlike any that Apollo had seen before.

"What a huge creature it must be!" Apollo thought. "A strange creature, too, with large feet, and he must

have frightened my mild herd so that they stampeded and ran away."

There was nothing for it but to hunt, so he searched all through northern Greece, combing the hills in the twilight, but never a trace could he find until at last, turning south, he came to Onchestus. The moon was up, her light as bright as it had been the night before. At the edge of his vineyard, the old man who had tended his vines there yesterday was sitting quietly in the moonlight, watching his ox crop at the wayside grasses.

Apollo stopped to speak to him.

"Old man," he said, "I am looking for a herd of cattle. Fifty cows were stolen from my meadows in Pieria at sunset yesterday. The thief left the black bull and the four fierce dogs intelligent as men, who guarded them. But the white cows with golden, crooked horns are gone. Did they come this way?"

"Yesterday," the old man answered, "I saw, or thought I saw—for I am very old and sometimes cannot tell dreams and reality apart—I thought I saw a child, so small that he could not be more than a day old, driving a herd of white cows with gleaming horns. They went past me like clouds on the wind, and the strangest thing about it was that they were running backward. A herd of white cows rushing backward, driven by a baby with a staff in his hand! It must have been a dream, after all. But his shoes! Let me tell you about his shoes!"

But Apollo was gone before the old man could finish his story.

Just ahead of him a queer, long-winged bird was flying. It was the hour when all birds sleep, except perhaps some wakeful songster, or an owl. But this was a

great bird like a young eagle. He flew just ahead of Apollo, stopping when Apollo stopped, then fluttering along with curious, short cries, as though he were trying to say, "Come!"

By this omen, Apollo knew that the thief could not have been a mortal man, but some god, though which god he could not guess. The bird led him across the isthmus into Achaia and Arcadia, then through Elis, and stopped only when they had come to the mouth of the river Alpheius on the western shore of Greece. There he found the same tracks that had so confused him on the sands near Pieria. This time, however, the sand was not so churned. He could read the tracks easily. The hoof-prints of the cows all pointed back toward the northern meadows, and with them were the large, scratchy foot-prints of the thief.

"A baby, so the old man said!" Apollo thought to himself.

He recalled the cave on Mount Cyllene where Maia lived, and he thought of her baby son. It was true that the bird of omen, still uttering his strange cries, had flown off in that direction. Apollo was struck with an idea, an unheard-of notion, but no more improbable than the story told by the old man at Onchestus. The more he thought of it, the more certain he became. And after a bit, he set out across Arcadia once more, to Cyllene and up the dark slopes of the mountain, where, between the forests, sheep were pastured. In the gray dawn he came to the cave near the summit, and stepped into the high-roofed hall.

"Your cattle, Apollo?" For the moment, Maia evaded

the angry questions of the god. "He is a mere baby, you know, this child of mine whom you accuse. Come and see."

She led him to the winnowing basket in the inner room, where, among his flowery, silken coverlets, the infant Hermes lay as if asleep.

"He has a most mischievous look about him," Apollo said. Nevertheless, he left the cradle for a moment. "Your cave is vast, Maia," he suggested with some sternness. "Perhaps evidence of the theft is concealed here."

Maia signaled to her nymphs, and, as Apollo walked through the fragrant dwelling, they went before him, opening the curtains to the various rooms and finally lifting the covers of the three enormous chests ranged along the walls in the great hall. In one chest Apollo saw quantities of gold and silver and precious jewels; in another were the goddess' robes; and in the third there was a vast store of nectar and ambrosia, the food of the gods.

"Close the chests," Apollo commanded thoughtfully.

He turned and strode to the basket cradle once more.

"Rogue of a baby," he said sternly, "where are my cattle?"

Hermes cuddled more cozily beneath his covers.

"Answer me!" Apollo said.

"Cattle?" Hermes replied then, sleepily yawning. "Had you any cattle?" He lifted his long eyelashes and gave the sun god a drowsy, innocent stare. "How strange of you to ask a tender, newborn infant, like myself, such a question! And so seriously and angrily, too! As if a little, soft thing like me could pick up your great cows and run away with them!"

"You'll find them for me," Apollo answered, "or down to Tartarus you'll go, and not even Zeus will be able to set you free!"

Hermes sat up at that.

"See here, Apollo," he said reasonably, "I am not interested in cows. What I like just now, is this soft place to sleep in, baby's food to eat, and my mother and my nurse to coddle me. Why, I'm scarcely a day old! Do you realize that? Look at my feet. They're as tender and pink as rose petals. How foolish you are to talk of my stealing cows!"

Apollo laughed in spite of himself.

"What are we going to do with you?" he asked less sternly. "I can see that you are destined to make much difficulty for Olympus, unless we learn to meet your cunning with our own. No, no! You're not to go back to sleep!"

For the naughty infant was burrowing back into his pillows once more, and in another moment would have pretended to be fast asleep; but Apollo quickly lifted him from the cradle and stood him on his feet.

"We'll see what Zeus can do with you!" he said.

And off they sped to the summit of the sacred mountain.

A little later the gods were much astonished to see Apollo of the Silver Bow striding in angry determination through the serene halls of Olympus, with, just ahead of him, and apparently the cause of his wrath, a toddling infant, wrapped in the fine, fragrant coverlet that had been snatched, evidently, from his cradle; a little child with curls as light and soft as silk, and a face of the most winning innocence.

The Olympians followed the strange pair to the place where Zeus sat on his golden throne, the shadowy figures of Bia and Kratos behind him, and the splendid form of Victory seated at his feet.

Zeus looked down as the two approached him.

"A child, Apollo?" His voice rang with scornful incredulity. "You've taken a mere baby captive? A mighty matter, indeed!"

"Wait till you have heard the story, great Zeus," Apollo implored him. "This tender infant is an accomplished cattle thief. He stole my white cows from their grassy meadow in Pieria, driving them backward all the way across Greece. He wore a strange type of sandal to disguise his footprints so that it would appear that he had walked on trees. I have proof of the story. An ancient man in Onchestus saw him."

"Is this true?" Zeus inquired of Hermes.

The naughty child rubbed his eyes and pretended to pout.

"I'm sleepy," he complained in a sweet, cross, childish voice. "What would I do with his horrid cows? I want to go home to my mother!"

"And, Father Zeus," Apollo continued, "he drove them as far south as the river Alpheius. I found the tracks and the marks of the fire he had built, but I cannot find what he has done with the cattle."

"An absurd tale!" said Hermes. "As if I could steal cattle! And he threatened to imprison me in Tartarus, too! I'm afraid of Apollo, Father Zeus. He is the powerful sun god. However, you are far more powerful than he is. I have no fear of you. I know how wise and just you are!"

Apollo and Zeus looked at each other for a moment, and then began to laugh. Who could be angry with this rogue of an infant for long?

"Very well, crafty one," Zeus said at last, "since you have such great love and respect for me, you shall do my bidding instantly and without question. Take this great sun god whom you have angered, and show him where you have hidden his cows. Let us have no more words about it."

So Hermes and Apollo left the palace of Olympus, Hermes pretending to be very meek, and went down to the mouth of the Alpheius. There, from the cave where he had hidden them, the little god called forth the cattle of Apollo. They came out of the dark place, softly lowing and tossing their golden horns, and the two gods walked behind them on the long way back to Pieria.

"They're beautiful, aren't they?" Hermes murmured wistfully as they walked. "And I haven't any cows at all; not a single one."

He took his lyre from the folds of the coverlet, where it had been concealed all this time. Gently he struck a few chords upon it. Apollo stopped short, his eyes alight with pleasure.

"What in the world is that?" he cried. "Those are the most beautiful sounds that I have ever heard!"

"Listen," Hermes answered, his mischievous eyes twinkling more naughtily than ever. He began to sing. He sang stories of the gods and of the Muses, who taught gods and men to sing; he sang of the earth goddess and the Fates and the darkness that had been before the earth was made. And at last Apollo spoke again.

"Only a god could have made the lyre," he said thoughtfully.

For answer, Hermes played more sweetly than ever.

"It is worth more than fifty cows!" Apollo exclaimed. "Give it to me, Hermes, teach me to play it, and I will share my herd with you. The beautiful white cows with golden horns shall be as much yours as mine!"

Hermes continued to play and sing, but a bit more softly.

"Not only that," Apollo went on, "but you and Maia shall come with me to Olympus, where you belong, to live among the gods."

"Truly?" Hermes asked, interrupting his music.

"Truly," Apollo promised.

"And the cows, too?" the naughty child inquired. "They will surely belong to us together, and we will tend them together on the green hills and meadows of the earth?"

"I am quite serious," Apollo answered.

"Well," Hermes hesitated, smiling his sweetest smile, "there's something else that I would dearly love to have." He fastened his eyes on the golden wand with which Apollo drove the cows.

"My wand?" Apollo asked eagerly. "Here it is. Take it, and you may drive the cows with it even now."

"Ah, that's very generous of you!" said Hermes. "And here is the lyre! It's very simple to play. I'll teach you as we go along."

And so the two young gods went toward Olympus, driving the cows before them and singing as they went.

The Musician

SHEPHERDS PASTURING THEIR FLOCKS ON Mount Cithaeron heard faint wails coming from a laurel thicket and, upon investigation, found two baby boys who had been abandoned there. They were handsome, sturdy infants, exactly alike, so one of the shepherds, much taken with them, carried them home to his wife, to be reared as their own children.

The secret of the twin boys was soon discovered. On the day that the shepherds had found them, a battle had been fought near the mountain, on the road between Sicyon and Thebes. The King of Sicyon had been killed, and his wife, Antiope, had been taken, a prisoner, to Thebes. But rather than allow her babies to fall into the hands of her captors, she had left them on the mountainside to die.

So it was that the little princes were brought up in a shepherd's hut and learned to love the peaceful arts of the country. Zethus, the stronger and more restless of the two, showed an aptitude for agriculture. As he grew older he learned to manage great herds of cattle. He loved to hear tales of war and heroism, and declared that he would like to be a soldier. But the gentle Amphion spent long days on Mount Cithaeron, practicing on his lyre. He learned to play it so beautifully that

people said that Hermes himself came down to teach him. True it was that Amphion, worshiping music, worshiped the god who had invented the lyre, and set up an altar to Hermes on the mountain. When he appeared with a golden lyre in his hand one day, it was whispered that Hermes had given it to him.

"Music," said Zethus, "is an unmanly occupation. Put down your lyre, Amphion. Come and work in the fields with me. And let us talk of our future. When shall we set about to gather up our army and make glorious names for ourselves?"

"The world that can be conquered by an army," Amphion would reply, "is not the world I want. Tell me, Zethus, do you think that I might add a string or two to the lyre? Four strings: that is all one has to play on now. I wonder if I could not add three more?"

Then Zethus, turning from him scornfully, would go back to his wheat fields and his cattle and his dreams of great renown.

Antiope had been informed of the whereabouts of her children long before this, and one day she came, a sad-faced woman, to the shepherd's hut, and asked to see the two young men.

"I am your mother, Antiope," she said to them. "I have escaped from my prison and have come to urge you to avenge my wrongs."

Then she told them the story of their birth and of her long and cruel imprisonment. And the two young princes returned with her to Thebes, conquered the king who had mistreated their mother, and made themselves rulers of the kingdom. Thebes prospered under them, and all the arts of peace flourished in their time.

Never before had the wheat fields borne richer harvests, nor the corn stood more green and rustling, more loaded with ripe ears of grain. Never before had the herds been fatter nor the milk more creamy, nor had the grapes ripened more purple and sweet and bursting with juice. The streets of the city were lined with dwellings, and new temples were set up to the gods. All these things, Zethus encouraged. But on festival days, when processions made their way to the temples with flowers and songs, or on the warm and sunny afternoons, when poets walked in the shady groves to read their verses, or listened to Amphion and his musicians while he played on his golden lyre, Zethus was impatient.

"Music, poetry, song!" he said. "How wasteful they are! Men have not time to be dabbling in such things!"

At last, however, in order to protect their city from marauders, the brothers decided to build a wall around it. Enormous stones were quarried and dragged to the edge of the city. The strongest men began the task of putting them in place. The stones were so heavy that it was very hard to handle them. Each block took the strength of many men. Zethus, even, put his mighty shoulder to the work and found that it was hard and slow.

"We will never see this wall built," men said. "Our grandchildren will be working at it long after we are dead."

Then Amphion, his golden lyre in his hand, came down to the wall. He had added two strings to his instrument, making six in all, and his music was now more beautiful than ever. When he began to play, a strange thing happened. The great stones lifted themselves out of the

laborers' hands as if they were alive. They moved quietly into place and settled themselves firmly. According to the tones of the lyre, whether high or low, the stones placed themselves, and the wall began to grow. Amphion walked beside it, playing as he walked. He made seven gates in the wall, and at the last one, when he restrung his lyre, he added a seventh string, which he called *nete*. From this, they say, the seventh gate was called the Neistan Gate.

When the wall was finished, none could agree whether physical strength or the magic of art had done more to enrich and fortify the city. But that is a subject upon which there is not entire agreement to this day.

The Wise Courageous One

IN THE VERY OLD DAYS WHEN ZEUS HAD NOT been long upon Olympus, he called all the gods together, promising that a marvel would take place before their eyes. They assembled, curious and eager, and then he summoned Hephaestus, the lame god of the forge, to his throne.

“Take your ax, Hephaestus,” he said, “and cleave the top of my head with it.”

If Zeus had been a mortal, Hephaestus would have refused to obey such an appalling command, but since Zeus was not only immortal, but the greatest of the gods as well, Hephaestus could not refuse. He stood back, swung his ax up and over his shoulder, and brought it down upon Zeus’s head with a right good will.

Immediately a number of astonishing things took place. The universe rang with the sound of the blow; lightning and thunder split the air with deafening crashes; the ocean was suddenly churned into vast, crested waves; showers of gold fell upon the earth; Olympus tottered as if an earthquake had convulsed it; the very sun stopped as if the sun god wished to see the amazing performance. And in the midst of all the confusion, a maiden, fully grown and clad in

shining armor, sprang from the cleft that appeared for a moment in the head of Zeus.

She lifted her glittering spear high above her head. As she did so, the tumult subsided; the sun god proceeded on his journey across the sky, and the Olympians, looking at one another, sighed their amazement and relief.

"Come up, Athena, my daughter," Zeus said to her proudly.

She stood beside him on his golden throne, and the gods saw that she was a noble goddess of grave and thoughtful beauty.

"I give you, Athena, all the achievements of the mind for your province," Zeus continued. "Since you will be wiser than any mortal and most gods, you will be courageous. Wherever there shall arise men worthy of learning and doing, you will stand, ready to help them, to give them wisdom and courage, strength of mind and heart to suffer hardship for the sake of accomplishment."

"The goddess of wisdom and courage!" the Olympians said to one another. "It is easy to see that she will be a favorite with Zeus!"

And so it proved. Athena was, next to Zeus, the most powerful of them all.

Very soon Zeus sent her to earth to choose the city that should belong especially to her, the favored spot where her temple would be built. She selected a place that seemed to her both beautiful and favorable.

Toward the southern end of one of the many peninsulas that make up the land of Greece, she came upon a green plain sloping between mountains to the sea. The

floor of the plain was broken by a number of low hills and bare, rocky eminences between which the earth was green with fields of grain, vineyards, and pastures where sheep and cattle grazed. The mountains that surrounded it were actually great tumbled masses of marble, their pure and lovely outlines softened by forests that grew upon their slopes. From the mountains, brooks and small rivers crossed the plain on their way to the sea. Flowers grew everywhere. On Hymettus, the marble mountain to the southwest, they were so luxuriant that from a little distance the mountain seemed to be bathed in a rosy-purple glow, and the bees, drawn there by the fragrance, made the most delicious honey ever tasted.

At the foot of Mount Lycabettus, less than five miles from the coast, there stood a remarkable, flat-topped, squarish rock. It rose about two hundred feet above the plain, its sides almost perpendicular, and its length and breadth of surface sufficient to hold a settlement of houses including one rather large dwelling, or palace, for the king of the country, whose name was Cecrops. Around the foot of this hill fort, or Acropolis, twelve little villages were clustered. The people of these villages cultivated the beautiful plain. They were such lively, imaginative, interesting people, so clever with their hands, so energetic, so inventive, so practical and yet so poetic, that Athena loved them the moment that she came among them.

She stood on the Acropolis looking out over the valley that was perpetually bathed in the clear, bright atmosphere peculiar to that region.

"Yes," she mused, "I am sure that this is the place for my temple."

As soon as she had spoken the words, she became aware of a vast and ancient presence.

"This is my shrine," said a slow, deep voice.

Athena looked up and saw, towering beside her, Poseidon, the mighty god of the ocean. The wind from the sea blew in his long, glistening curls and beard, his eyes were of the changeable, dark, blue-green of the deepest water, and from him there flowed a feeling of turbulent power that was almost irresistible.

There was a curious fact concerning Poseidon that Athena must have known. He was in the habit of disputing temple sites with the other gods. He was of a somewhat jealous, unaccountable nature, not wholly satisfied, apparently, with his own mysterious, vast, and beautiful domain in the waters of the earth, and forever yearning to rule over the green and bountiful land. Often at the moment that one of the other gods decided upon some suitable spot, Poseidon would appear in his chariot of sea shells drawn by dolphins, or, sometimes, by powerful horses with golden manes and hoofs of bronze, to claim the place as his own. Once he had dared to conspire against Zeus himself.

"Come, Poseidon," Athena answered him reasonably, "you have the Isthmus of Corinth, the groves of Onchestus, and many other beautiful shrines. Besides, there is your imperishable golden palace in the deepest part of the ocean. You have the Tritons, those magical creatures, half fish, half man; you have Nereus, the wonderful Old Man of the Sea, who lives with his fifty lovely daughters in the cave where you keep all your treasures; you have great flocks of seals with that amusing Proteus for their shepherd; you have the sea full of fish, full of

shells with their endless and intricate forms, and quantities of pearl and amber and coral, all the vast treasures of the waters. Can you not leave me this one place, this plain with its hills and its people, for my own?"

"You are young," Poseidon replied harshly. "I am one of the sons of Rhea. I have a right here, and you have none."

"Very well; since you are so unreasonable, we will leave the decision to King Cecrops," said Athena.

Accordingly, they took their dispute to the king, who called all the people to the top of the Acropolis to help him make the choice. As Cecrops and his subjects stood around in a wide circle, Poseidon strode to the center of the hill fort and struck the rock a blow with his long, three-pointed spear, or trident. Instantly a spring of water gushed forth.

"That is my gift to you," he said haughtily.

Cecrops tasted the water.

"It is salt," he told his people, "and therefore unpalatable."

"It is salt," Poseidon said, "because it is meant for a sign. I give you the ocean for a path and a treasure house. From it you may obtain food and wealth, and over it you will sail to exchange goods and bring the conquering force of your armies to the far corners of the earth."

That was a gift indeed! The people looked at one another, their eyes wide with wonder and dreams that Poseidon's words suggested.

But now Athena stood in the middle of the Acropolis, and at once they knew that there was not another goddess to compare with her. She touched the impenetrable

rock with her long, golden spear, and a little plant came up. It was a slender plant with angular branches and a very dark, green stem. It grew slowly, as they watched it, and became a small tree, somewhat taller than a man. Upon its branches the pointed, gray-green leaves grew very thick, and between them the oval, fleshy fruits, violet dark and glossy, could be seen. The wind that ruffled Poseidon's beard and hair, now played in the leaves of the wonderful tree, showing their hoary undersides and revealing the sturdy skeleton of trunk, branch, and stem.

"This is my gift to you," Athena said. "This olive tree will give you food; oil for many purposes can be made from its round, shining fruit; and your cabinetmakers and woodworkers will build and carve many beautiful things from its close-grained, finely marked wood. It is a symbol of the arts of peace, not a dangerous gift to lure you to faraway lands and to wars."

"Athena!" the people shouted. But Poseidon's brow clouded in anger.

"Recognize my power," he thundered, "or I will send the full might of the ocean against you! Storms will ravage your lands, high tides, floods, deluges of rain and scouring winds will ruin your crops!"

At that, the great gods of Olympus, Zeus in their midst, appeared upon the Acropolis.

"The olive tree against a spring of brackish water?" Zeus asked. "Which shall it be, Olympians?"

"Athena!" the shining gods of Olympus answered with one voice.

"Athena it shall be," Zeus echoed, smiling at his favor-

ite daughter. "And the citadel shall be called Athens in her honor."

Vanquished, Poseidon returned to the ocean. He was as good as his word, however, for shortly afterward great storms swept in from the sea and the plain was flooded. But the Olympians saved the people and their country from destruction, and under Athena's guidance, the twelve villages and their hill fort became the most beautiful city that the world has ever seen.

It is said that long before the twelve villages grew so large that they melted into one another to become one great city, a wall of olive trees was planted all around the Acropolis, closing in the villages. In addition to its vineyards, fields of grain, and pastures, the plain now held orchards of olive trees. The olive very soon proved to be Athens' greatest source of wealth; and because Athena had designed her gift to cultivate the arts of peace, a branch of her tree was used as the symbol of peace and friendship.

On the top of the Acropolis, which after a time lost its settlement of small dwellings, there rose a temple to the goddess, and statues of her and other temples and shrines, until finally, in later years, the beautiful Parthenon was built, the most famous temple of all, housing the huge golden statue of Athena, the favorite daughter of the greatest of the gods.

The First Mason

THE ILISSUS, A SMALL, CLEAR, STREAM, FLOWS across the stony plain of Attica below the Acropolis. It has its source in a sacred spring on the lower slopes of Mount Hymettus, where in times past little strawberry trees and boxwood and tamarisk and fern shaded the cold water as it bubbled out between the rocks. Below the Acropolis, the riverbanks were covered with thick green grass and lined with plane trees and willows. Here the Athenians came to look at the bright stream, to make merry on holidays and, sometimes, to rest. And here Toxius, in the very long ago, watched the swallows build their nests.

Men had lived in caves at first. Later, they had learned to build rude shelters of logs and huts of clay and wattles. And then one day, Toxius, stretched in the soft grass beside the Ilissus, noticed the swallows. The birds flew down to the stream, dipped their beaks in the mud at the water's edge, and taking pellets of it, flew away to the cliffs near by. With the mud they mixed straw and made their nests, little cups of straw and clay that soon became baked and hard in the hot sun.

"Mud and straw, baked hard by the sun!" thought Toxius. "What a fine, hard, resistant material that would be for men to use!"

And he decided to try it. He mixed mud and straw and molded it into square bricks, which he set out on the riverbank to dry.

The shepherd passing with his flocks, the villager going home from his work in the fields, the messenger with news from the sea coast, all stopped to see what he was doing.

"What are you doing, Toxius?" they asked. "That is child's play, that foolish dabbling in mud and straw and patting it into thick cakes."

"Wait till I have finished," Toxius replied. "Then you may think it much more than child's play."

The piles of bricks grew. The sun hardened them until they were like rocks, and soon there were enough of them for a building. Then Toxius piled them one on top of the other in rows so that they made a wall; at right angles he made the other walls so that he had a little four-sided dwelling. Over it he laid a roof of thatch. When the sun was hot, Toxius' house was as cool as a little cave. The icy winds that blew in winter found it hard to creep inside. Toxius' friends were enchanted. They set about at once to make houses of the same sort for themselves.

"How did you learn to make this fine, new sort of house, Toxius?" they asked admiringly.

"The swallows taught me," Toxius replied.

For the Fairest

NOW AND THEN THERE COMES A DAY WHEN the sun is so bright, the air so clear and cool, the sky so blue, the clouds so buoyant, the birds so busy, the flowers so fragrant, the leaves so green, and the shadows so sweet, that to breathe is happiness, and without being able to explain it, we feel exceedingly gay and kind. It must have been in the dawn of a day like that, sometime in the earliest ages of the world, that the foam of the ocean gathered itself together, rose from the waves in a fountain of water and light, and suddenly became a beautiful goddess. The Zephyrs, the wind spirits, bore her swiftly to the island of Cythera where she rested for a time, attended by the Hours, the Graces, and the Seasons; but the gods soon discovered her and bore her to Olympus. They named her Aphrodite, which means *Foamborn*, and because she was so delightfully beautiful and gay, she became the goddess of everything that makes men forget sorrow.

Almost as beautiful as Aphrodite was Thetis, the naiad daughter of the Titan Oceanus. Thetis was so remarkably lovely that the gods could not believe that she was destined to belong to the earth and the ocean. There came a time when Zeus planned to make a true Olympian goddess of her, and would have done so if

Prometheus had not warned him of the dangers of such a course. Prometheus said that if Zeus married Thetis, as he wished to do, the nymph would have a son who would conquer Zeus and reign over Olympus and the world. Zeus decided, therefore, to marry her to one of the noblest of mortals. The man he chose for her was Peleus, King of Thessaly.

All the gods came to the wedding, which was held on the summit of Mount Pelion. They brought magnificent gifts. Chiron, the wise centaur who lived on the mountain, presented the bridegroom with a magic spear made from the trunk of a mighty ash tree, the blade of which was wrought by Hephaestus and polished by Athena. Poseidon gave Peleus the immortal steeds, Helios and Xanthos, swift as the wind. The Muses sang the wedding song, and some say that the Fates themselves were there. But there was one goddess who was not invited, and while the brilliant company still lingered at the feast, she came.

The sound of her name, the very thought of her, was enough to cast a shadow over any scene, and her presence meant disaster. Therefore, when there fell one of those strange, sudden silences that sometimes overtake a gathering, and the guests found themselves looking at one another with half-troubled questions in eyes that had sparkled with laughter but a moment earlier, the first idea that crossed each mind was that the dreaded goddess had arrived; as indeed she had.

She came swiftly across the long plateau upon which the wedding feast was spread. The gods turned in dismay at her approach. Unkempt gray hair straggled across her stormy brow, and the fluttering wisps of her

robe were like tangled cobwebs, like the shreds of cloud that fly before the tempest.

"Eris, the goddess of discord, has come," the gods whispered anxiously. "Which of us will be quarreling before the hour is gone?"

The uninvited guest came straight to the long table and leaned above it, laughing shrilly.

"Now you shall see how kind I am," she cackled, her lips twisting in a sarcastic grimace. "I was not invited to this wedding feast; nevertheless, I have brought a gift. Here, take it!"

As she spoke, she tossed something upon the table among the bowls of ambrosia and goblets of sparkling nectar, something that glittered, rolled, and stopped just within reach of three of the goddesses. It was an apple, a golden apple with a golden stem and two thin, golden leaves like little wings. Carved on the apple in words that could be read by the assembled company, was the inscription: *For the Fairest*.

"Oh, how lovely!" Aphrodite murmured, dimpling and reaching for the toy.

But before she could touch it, Athena, smiling at the compliment, had reached for it, too, and Hera, believing that it was intended for her, had also put forth a haughty hand to claim it. The result was that none of the three grasped the golden fruit. The tips of their fingers touched it, and it rolled a little distance out of reach, with the words, *For the Fairest*, still staring them in the face.

"But of course it is mine!" cried Aphrodite, pouting and smiling at the same time. She looked so enchantingly beautiful that most of the guests were inclined to

agree with her and were about to urge her to take it, when Athena spoke gravely.

"I am sure it is mine," she said.

The gods turned to look at that fine countenance where wisdom and courage were so graciously blended, and felt that she was surely right. But Hera broke in almost immediately.

"Who can be fairer than the queen of the gods?" she asked. "It was certainly meant for me!"

The beauty of form and color, the beauty of wisdom and courage, the beauty of power: the gods could not decide between them, and in the meantime the three goddesses had fallen into a most distressing and bitter quarrel. The wedding feast was broken up, and still the goddesses wrangled over the golden apple. Finally they appealed to Zeus.

"Tell us, greatest of the gods, who is the fairest?" they implored.

By this time none of them looked her usual beautiful self; each one had taken on some ugly characteristic of the hated Eris. Zeus shook his head.

"I cannot blame you," he said. "It is all the fault of that miserable goddess who loves to destroy whatever is peaceful and joyous. I shall not try to decide between you, however, for you might feel that my decision had been colored by some prejudice or other. I will send you, instead, to a mortal, a true lover of beauty."

He then called Hermes and bade him lead the three goddesses to a mountain near the city of Troy.

"There you will find a young shepherd tending his flocks," Zeus told Hermes. "His name is Paris. He is, in reality, the son of Priam, King of Troy, though he is not

aware of this fact as yet. Bid him, from me, decide which of the goddesses is the most beautiful."

An old prophecy, made at the time of this young prince's birth, had foretold that Paris would one day be the cause of a dreadful disaster that would reduce the city of Troy to ruins. Priam, the king, had felt that the safety of his city depended upon him, and determined to let the infant die rather than endanger the lives and happiness of so many people. Accordingly, he had sent his son away to be killed. But the servant who was to have carried out that terrible order, had saved the baby and had brought him up as his own son.

On this day the young prince, who believed himself to be a simple shepherd, was dreaming in a shady grove while his flocks fed on the mountainside below him. All of a sudden, he became aware of a shimmering light and bright voices that were like bells, or water, or winds playing in the strings of a harp. He looked up to see himself surrounded by such a company as he had never seen before. He knew them, for no one could mistake Hermes with his winged sandals, winged cap, and strange wand upon which two gold serpents were entwined. The three glorious figures who accompanied him could not be other than the most beautiful of the goddesses, Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite. Without knowing precisely how, Paris was very sure of their names.

He stood up, too overcome by the wonder of such a visitation, to speak, but Hermes' first words were reassuring.

"Come, Paris, Prince of Troy," said Hermes—and how the shepherd's heart leaped to hear that title on the lips



Paris read upon it the inscription For the Fairest.

of one of the Olympian gods! "Zeus bids you award this golden apple to the most beautiful of the goddesses!"

As he spoke, he gave the trophy to the young man, and Paris, holding it carefully in both hands, read upon it the inscription: *For the Fairest*. He looked at each of the goddesses in turn.

"How can anyone choose between them?" he stammered.

Hera leaned toward him, graciously smiling.

"Choose me," she whispered, "and you shall have dominion over all men."

He caught his breath. That was a very tempting promise to one who had spent his youth guarding a flock of sheep. But before he could answer, Athena stood beside him.

"Choose me," she murmured, "and you shall be renowned as the bravest and most invincible of heroes."

"A hero?" he thought. "Why, that would be a finer reward than power. What do I want with power, after all? But there is no man who would not be eager to deserve the name of hero." Before he could say it, however, Aphrodite spoke. Her voice was sweet with teasing laughter and understanding.

"Choose me," she said, "and I will give you love and the most beautiful woman in the world for your wife."

And Paris, who loved beauty more than anything, said never a word, but with his eyes upon the bright face of the goddess, put the golden apple in her hand.

"Go to Sparta," said Aphrodite, "to the court of King Menelaus. You will find her there. Her name is Helen."

The goddesses disappeared, and Paris, Prince of Troy, left the hillside for his father's court and the fateful journey. Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty and love, had won, but she had also sent Paris on the mission that was to fulfil the prophecy concerning him. For that, so it is said, was the real beginning of the Trojan War.

The Artist

PYGMALION, THE YOUNG SCULPTOR, WAS SO absorbed in his work that he cared for nothing else. When the youths and maidens of Cyprus, the island upon which he lived, begged him to join in their merry-making, he would seldom consent. It was far more interesting to him to see how the marble under his skillful hands changed gradually from a formless block of stone to some object whose lines and curves were so graceful and true that it might have been a living thing.

"Will you be a hermit, then, Pygmalion?" his friends would ask him. "Will you live alone forever?"

"There is nothing that I like so much as my work," Pygmalion would reply.

But one day he made a statue of ivory. It was a statue of a young girl, and as he worked at it, he became increasingly charmed with the loveliness of the face and figure that were taking shape. She was far more beautiful than any real girl he had ever seen. More important, as far as he was concerned, she was far more beautiful than any statue he had ever made. When it was completed, he stood the lovely thing in the corner of his workshop, and in spite of himself, as he tried to work at other carvings, his eyes strayed to the ivory figure. He found himself thinking about her.

"If she were real," he thought, "I know just how she would be. She would be gentle and kind and gay; she would be wise in the ways of a house and her voice would be sweet. She would move so gracefully that I would stop my work to watch her as she walked about the room."

And then, at last, a new and disturbing thought occurred to him.

"If she were a real woman, I would marry her," he thought.

But she was not real, of course; she was only an ivory statue that stood in the corner of his workshop, an ivory statue that he himself had made.

On the day when the Festival of Aphrodite was celebrated, all of Cyprus marched in the procession, leading white heifers, their horns wreathed in gold and flowers, to the altars of the goddess. Pygmalion was among the worshipers, and when he brought his gift to the altar, he made a strange request.

"Bring my ivory maiden to life," he begged.

He thought that the flames of the altar fires burned up brightly three times just after that, and, believing this to be a good omen, he hurried home.

In his workshop, the pale statue stood as he had left it, but as he approached, he thought he saw a faint blush touch its lips and cheeks. The hands and arms began to take on the look of life; and suddenly the whole figure was bathed in living colors; the lovely eyes were sparkling and wise. Aphrodite had granted his request: the statue had come to life. She was real, this most

beautiful woman. She came down from the cold pedestal and walked to him across the room.

His strange dream had come true. And so Pygmalion married his ivory maid, the work of his own hands, the only woman he had ever loved.

A Goddess Lost

DEMETER, THE GODDESS OF THE CORN, HAD a beautiful daughter whose name was Persephone. She was so very beautiful, in fact, that the moment Aïdoneus, the god of death, saw her, he loved her and begged Zeus to give her to him for his wife. Zeus, to whom every part of the universe was important, cold underworld as well as bright sky, gave his consent. The two gods knew, however, that Demeter was so enamored of the smiling earth with its fields of grain, its fruitful vineyards, its busy people, and all its movement and life, that she would never let Persephone descend to the cold, still dominions of Death if she could prevent it. Therefore they waited until there came a day when Demeter was visiting distant lands where fields were being planted, making sure in her mysterious ways that the seed would bring a full harvest.

On the morning of that day, Persephone went out into a meadow near Nysa to play with her friends, the ocean nymphs. It was so early in the morning that the pale moon, like a thin, round cloud, was still visible in the sky; dew lay thick as frost on every leaf, and the touch of the sun upon one's cheek was scarcely warm. Persephone thought that there was nothing in the world lovelier than the shadowy groves surrounding the mea-

dow, unless it might be the grassy meadow itself, or the flowers. There were quantities of flowers everywhere: roses, red and white, crocuses like rich, purple cups, white lilies, violets that filled the air with incense, and hyacinths, whose pink-lavender and silver bells moved gently in the early breeze. Persephone and the nymphs filled their baskets with them, filled their aprons, held great sheaves of them in their arms, and at last they had not room for another flower.

"Let's sit by the brook in the wood yonder, and make garlands," one of the nymphs suggested.

"That would be a delightful thing to do!" the others cried. "Come, Persephone!"

"In a moment," Persephone answered. "I'll come in a moment."

She was looking at something far across the meadow, something that certainly had not been there all the time. It was a flower all gold and white, and as she gazed, it was undoubtedly growing taller. She ran back through the dewy grass to see.

"A narcissus!" she said to herself as she came close to it. There was not a soul to hear her, for the nymphs were off in the little wood by this time. "Such a wonderful narcissus, too! A hundred blossoms, at least, and a stalk that grows magically as I watch it! Oh, I must have it! The nymphs have never seen anything like it."

She put out her hand to break the flowers from the great stalk, but just as she touched it, the earth opened wide at her feet, and from the dark cleft there sprang a splendid, yet terrifying person, clad all in jetty black.

"Persephone," he said to her gently, "I have come for you, Persephone. I am Aïdoneus, the lord of the dead.

You are the loveliest of living things. Come live in my palace and be my queen."

"No!" Persephone whispered, shrinking in terror from the pale, fascinating face. "No, no, no!"

But he gathered her up as if she had been the magic narcissus itself, and his chariot dashed away with them, over the green earth to Laconia and a hillside at Taenarus. There they came to the bottomless pit that was the entrance to the underworld, and into this dark chasm their chariot plunged.

Persephone screamed and called her mother, but Demeter was far away. Only the moon goddess heard her, and the sun god saw her, and the wind carried a faint sound as of a child crying, a faint and distant wail that came at last to Demeter's ears and struck her with a sudden, cold foreboding.

She hurried to the meadow where the nymphs had played and then to the wood where, beside a little brook, they sat making garlands. They could not tell her where Persephone had gone. Frantic with fear, Demeter asked the winds, the birds, the clouds, the trees, all the nymphs and fauns and satyrs, all the gods. But none of them, whether from ignorance or from fear of Zeus and Aidoneus, would tell her. For nine days the goddess searched the world for her daughter, and on the tenth morning the moon goddess came to her.

"I have seen your anguish, Demeter," the moon goddess said, "and I can bear it no longer. I heard Persephone cry as she was borne away. I did not see her, however, nor the cruel one who robbed you of her."

Demeter lifted her grief-stricken face.

"The sun god must have seen," she faltered.

"Yes, I think so," the other answered. "Come, I will go to him with you."

When the two stood before the sun god, he admitted the truth.

"I dreaded your knowing it, Demeter," he said. "It is useless for you to look for her."

"Tell me where she is," the goddess insisted.

"Aïdoneus carried her away to be his queen in the Kingdom of Death," the sun god told her. "Zeus himself agreed to the plan."

Demeter went back to earth. She took off the delicate robes that she had worn as a goddess and put on the dress of a poor old woman instead. Her beautiful face became suddenly drawn and old, her golden hair turned gray, her shoulders became bent, her voice was grave and sad. In this guise she went down through the earth to the city of Eleusis and sat beside the Well of the Fair Dances in the shadow of an olive tree. Her heart was so full of sorrow and despair that she believed that she could never speak, never smile, never again look with pleasure upon fields of grain or leafy vineyards.

She was sitting there when four young girls came dancing down to the well to fill their pitchers with water. They were really little princesses, but princesses in that early time were much simpler and probably much happier than most princesses of later days. These sisters had learned to bake bread, tend the house, and take care of their baby brother. Often they came tripping down to the well for water, singing and chattering and laughing as they came, their golden curls bobbing up and down on their shoulders, just as Persephone's

curls had done when, like them, she had skipped and danced in the sun. Indeed, they looked so much like Persephone that, seeing them, Demeter was more than ever conscious of her grief; and when they came near the quiet figure sitting in the shadow beside the well-curb, the sorrow that filled the mother's heart became so strong that it was like a magnet, drawing them to her. The little princesses looked at one another. Their gaiety was stilled.

"Why are you so sad, old woman?" the eldest princess asked timidly. "Why are you sitting here alone?"

Demeter answered them in her sorrowful voice.

"I have no other place to go," she said, "and I am very weary."

"Our mother will welcome you!" the little princess cried. "I am sure that she will, if we ask her to. Perhaps you would be willing to nurse our baby brother. He is ill, and he is the dearest of us all."

How sweet these young girls were! And, too, the thought of holding a child in her arms once more was comforting to Demeter, grieving for her own.

"Yes, I would like to do that," she said.

So Demeter, the goddess of the harvest and of all growing things, came to live in the house of Celeus, Prince of Eleusis. She took charge of his ailing child. No one suspected for a moment that she was a goddess, though Metaneira, the children's mother, always declared that when she glanced quickly at the frail and ancient figure, she could see for an instant a light that shone, apparently, *from* her, not *upon* her, and that, like the little princesses, her daughters, she had loved the

sad face from the moment she had looked into those strange, dark eyes.

It was wonderful to see the difference that the coming of this old woman made in the house of Celeus. She walked silently through the rooms, the child in her arms. She stood smiling beside the ovens when the bread was put in to bake; and the loaves came out so sweet, so fragrant, so good to eat that the four princesses declared that the ambrosia of the gods could never equal it. She strolled down the orchard paths, past the beehives, to look into the green enclosure where the cows were feeding, and the fruit and honey that were gathered afterward were superlative; the milk that was brought in from the barn was pure, golden cream. She stopped beside the churn when the maidservant began the tedious task of buttermaking, and, strange to say, the butter had already come. Such butter, too! Nothing quite so delicious had ever been eaten before.

But, more important than the bread and honey and butter and cream and fruit, was the fact that all this time an indescribable happiness filled the house, a feeling that was like light and warmth and perfume, all mixed into one quality. Everyone was busy, useful, kind and radiant every moment of the day; if it had been a sweet house before, it was now a marvel of a place to live in.

Of course it was all because Demeter, that bountiful goddess, loved the household. Best of all, she loved the baby, who was her special charge. He had begun to improve from the moment she first held him against her breast, and in a very short while he was as beautiful and strong as a little god. It was comforting to her to

hold him and bathe him and rock him to sleep, to watch him wake drowsily from his long naps and eat greedily of the food that she prepared for him with her own hands. All of this was helping her to forget the lost Persephone. It was like having Persephone a baby once more. Indeed, she soon began to feel that this baby was her own, and she wished to make him a god, to make him immortal.

Accordingly, Demeter rose in the dead of night, when the household was asleep, and, as the gods did when they desired to confer immortality upon a human being, she laid the baby in the embers of the fire for a few moments. Night after night she did this. It did not hurt or injure the child, for she was Demeter, and she could command the fire not to give him pain. On the contrary, he became more beautiful and healthy than before. But one night, Metaneira, his mother, happened to wake, and, coming to the baby's room, saw what his nurse was doing. She thought, of course, that her child was in dreadful danger, and she screamed so wildly that everyone in the house was roused. The four princesses, terribly frightened, ran in to take their little brother in their arms. He cooed and laughed at them, quite safe and sound. But when Metaneira turned in anger to drive the strange old woman from the house, she found that there was no longer an ancient nursemaid in the room, but a tall and shining goddess.

"I am Demeter," she said sternly to Metaneira and Celeus, and they fell on their knees before her. "I would have made your son immortal if you had not stopped me. Now it is impossible."

"What can we do, Goddess?" they asked, trembling.

"Build me a temple, a house of my own, just above the Well of the Fair Dances, where your daughters first found me," Demeter answered less sternly. "And for your gentleness to me, this family will always be blest."

They built the temple as she had commanded them to do, and when it was completed, Demeter shut herself within it. Now she had been twice bereaved. Zeus and Aïdoneus had stolen the lovely Persephone from her, and mortal hands had taken away the child whom she had learned to love so dearly. Inconsolable, she sat in her rich temple in Eleusis, shut away from gods and men. No longer did she walk about the earth. The fields, needing her, were barren. Neither grain nor fruit sprang from the planted seed. A famine spread over the land, and the race of man was in danger of perishing.

At last Zeus sent the rainbow goddess, Iris, to beg Demeter to come back to Olympus as of old; but the mournful goddess, sitting in the gloom and richness of her temple, refused.

"Give me back my child, my daughter, Persephone, and I will come," she said.

Then Zeus saw that he must satisfy her. He sent Hermes to Aïdoneus, lord of the dead.

"Send Persephone back to earth, Aïdoneus," Hermes urged him. "Zeus, ruler of Olympus and of all the gods, asks this of you."

The pale Aïdoneus turned to look at Persephone, sitting on the throne beside him. How beautiful she was! How glowing and gracious and lovely in the cold shades of his kingdom! How he dreaded the thought of the

place without her! And yet he could not refuse a request from the greatest of the gods.

"Would you like to go, Persephone?" he asked her.

For answer, her eyes filled with tears. Since he had brought her there, she had been unable to smile or speak or eat.

"She will go with you in a moment, Hermes," Aïdoneus said then. "But come, Persephone, walk with me in my garden for a little."

She went with him through the gloomy halls, but at the entrance to the garden he stopped. A pomegranate bush was growing there, ripe scarlet fruit hanging from its boughs. Aïdoneus broke a pomegranate from its stem and cut it open. Rows of seeds like pale, translucent rubies, lay within.

"So pretty!" said Persephone, looking at them with him. "So very pretty!" She was thinking of her mother and of how she would soon step upon the warm earth and breathe its clear air once more.

"Taste the seeds," Aïdoneus suggested softly. "They are very good."

She was really beginning to be happy again, she thought. She broke one seed from the rosy clusters and put it in her mouth. Then Aïdoneus, smiling his strange, pale smile, led her back to Hermes.

"Good-by, Persephone," he said. "Do not forget the pomegranate seed."

"The pomegranate seed!" she thought as she and Hermes sped away. "Why should I remember so small a thing as one pomegranate seed?"

The journey up to the light was almost as swift as thought. In an incredibly short time she saw the sun

and the clouds, and felt the warm earth under her feet once more. In another moment, she was standing on the portico of the temple at Eleusis, and Demeter was running to meet her with outspread arms.

After their first joyous reunion and when Persephone had recounted the story of her adventure, so like an unhappy dream now that it was over, Demeter recalled that she had a question to ask, a question of the greatest importance.

"Zeus says that you may stay with me," Demeter told her child, "provided that you have not eaten anything in the time that you have been with Aïdoneus. Did you eat of the food of the Kingdom of the Dead, Persephone?"

"Yes," Persephone admitted, frightened. "I ate a pomegranate seed."

"I could wish that it had been nothing," Demeter answered, anxious to reassure her daughter, in spite of the disappointment she felt at Persephone's reply. "But since it was so little, it means that I must lose you for one-third of the year. During that time you will have to live in the lower world with Aïdoneus. While you are gone, the earth and I will wear mourning for you. The trees will lose their garments of leaf and flower. No buds, nor grain, nor fruit will form and ripen. Much of the earth will be covered with a white shroud of snow. But when you return, it will always be spring-time again, and summer and harvest, and all the world will be full of joy at your coming. Look, Persephone! It is the spring of the year just now!"

It was true. As far as their eyes could see, all the trees were covered with a mist of tender green; in

every hedgerow birds were building nests; already young blades of wheat and barley leaf were breaking through the moist earth. And hand in hand, Demeter and Persephone went down to walk together in the fields.

Endymion

THERE WAS ONCE A SHEPHERD PRINCE, ENDYMION by name, who lived at the foot of Mount Latmos. He was a youth of such surpassing beauty that the gods loved him. Such perfection in a mortal being seemed to them almost incredible. The most remarkable of his attributes, however, was not the charming regularity of his face and form, but the fact that he was gifted with a spirit of such unclouded purity that everything he did was invested with simplicity and singleness of purpose.

From his childhood, Endymion had heard stories of the moon goddess, Artemis. She was an inaccessible goddess, the old stories said, elusive as the creatures of the forest, a goddess who fled silently if a leaf so much as rustled, or an eye was turned her way. On bright moonlit nights, when the wind made moving shadows under every tree and every forest aisle was peopled with vague forms, she and her maidens, restless, silent, and faraway, hunted on the earth. Their cold, thin arrows, more silvery than the arrows from Apollo's bow, brought down wild beasts who sleep by day and prowl by night. Hunters worshiped her, and though she scarcely ever showed herself deliberately, they saw her now and then, glimmering for an instant among the trees.

Unlike Athena, who loved men and wished to teach

them, or Aphrodite, who wished to give them pleasure, Artemis was disdainful of all human beings, and if they presumptuously or unworthily sought her attention, she was often cruel to them. She killed the hunter, Orion, because he challenged her to a game of quoits; she sent a wild boar to ravage Calydonia when King Oeneus neglected her altars; and when the hunter, Actaeon, displeased her, she changed him into a stag in which guise he was killed.

Endymion kept silence when he heard these stories. There was something in himself that understood her apparent cruelty and coldness, though his feeling was difficult to explain. He was sure, however, that no maiden or other goddess seemed to him half so beautiful as the goddess of the moon. Often on those nights when her silver chariot sailed serenely through the heavens, he sat alone in some pasture below Latmos and pictured to himself that radiant troop, Artemis and her maidens, hunting in the forest, their delicate garments fluttering, vanishing down leafy aisles, their footsteps no more noisy than the pattering of leaves or acorns loosened by the wind, their voices like the whisper of a distant stream.

Each year, as the summer advanced, he led his flocks through pastures ever further up the mountainside; and on one drowsy noon he rested near a mountain brook halfway to the top of Latmos. He was listening to the water singing in its pebbled channel when he became aware of another sort of music that came nearer, stopped, and, almost at hand, began again. It was the merriest succession of sounds imaginable, a thin, sweet no-tune, full of surprises, of grace-notes and odd scales and un-

expected accents. The piper appeared after a moment, tripping along beside the stream. Sunlight falling through leaves dappled his strange figure with shade and brightness so that at first he was as indistinct as a little vision; but shortly, as he drew nearer, as the reedy piping became louder, and as he could be seen more clearly, there was no mistaking him.

Instead of feet, he had neat little hoofs like a goat's hoofs, his legs were quite shaggy with long, thick, silken fleece, and he walked with a goat's pretty, dancing step. He had the body of a man, however, and his face was so enticingly merry and alive that even in repose the look of it was enough to fill all who saw it with a curious, happy excitement. From each side of his forehead, through soft, bright curls, there peeped a little horn, goat's horns, to be specific. By all this Endymion knew him: he was Pan, the god of the woods and fields.

"Shepherd," he said, twinkling at the serious face of the young man, "come with me and I will find you youths and maidens to dispel this loneliness."

"I am not lonely," Endymion replied.

"Shall I bring you nymphs and fauns to dance with on this sweet noontide?" Pan suggested.

Endymion smiled and shook his head.

"Come now," Pan leaned nearer as he spoke, "I know your secret. You are Endymion who loves the Moon. She is a goddess too faraway for a simple shepherd, too beautiful, too remote, too inaccessible."

"That is why . . ." Endymion began, but Pan, impatient with his obstinacy, had not waited for him to complete his answer. He was gone, and neither his thin, uncertain

music nor the faint clatter of his hoofs upon the stones could be heard.

That night, when the sheep were safely gathered in their fold, Endymion slept upon the mountain and dreamed that Artemis came and sat beside him. The dream was so real that when he woke at dawn, he could scarcely believe that she had not actually been with him. Every day after that, he led his flocks higher and higher, every night he fell asleep in the moonlight and dreamed that Artemis came down from the sky to visit him, and every morning when he waked, it seemed impossible to believe that her coming had been only a dream.

The moon waxed, sailed overhead, a great silver disk, and waned, till finally there was no moon at all. On the first dark night when the goddess did not come, he lay awake till dawn; all the long day he was restless and unhappy, and in the days that followed, he waited with impatience. But on the first evening of the new moon, just as the earliest stars were blooming in the clear dusk, he rested near the summit of Latmos and heard Pan's reedy piping once more. The god of the fields and woods stood at his elbow.

"Come away, Endymion," he whispered. "Dream of her no longer. Shepherds do not fix their hearts on goddesses. Would you forsake the earth and all its homely labors and its joys?"

"For Artemis," Endymion replied.

"Endymion, Endymion! How blind you are!" Pan sighed. "Why even the little nymphs who live in my trees and streams are kinder than Artemis. They would at least draw you closer to the rocks and trees and waters

of your rightful habitations. She is cold and cruel and disdainful."

"She is difficult," Endymion answered, as if he were able for the first time to explain his feeling about her. "But precisely because she is so difficult and exacting, she is the most beautiful of goddesses, and far more beautiful to me than any nymph or mortal creature. I have had a vision of her. Can I turn back now?"

Pan did not answer. Endymion thought perhaps the satyr god was gone; nevertheless, he knew that he was not alone. In the deepening twilight he could make out a pair of bright, winged sandals that touched the summit of the mountain lightly, and the gleam of silver here and there upon a slim, moving form that stopped, after a moment, close beside him.

"Hermes!" said Endymion, half afraid.

"If you could have one wish, Endymion-beloved-by-the-Moon," the newcomer, almost invisible, murmured in the shepherd's ear, "what would that wish be?"

"To sleep," Endymion answered slowly, as though he spoke from the mists of some enchantment. "To sleep and dream forever; to be forever young and wrapped in dreams so that I should never have to wake from visions of the goddess who is more beautiful to me than all the world."

"Zeus grants your wish for Artemis' sake," Hermes said softly. "Sleep, Endymion, forever young; sleep and dream."

The shepherd felt himself lifted from the rock on which he sat. Already his drowsy eyes were closing. Already in the east, the young Moon, like the thin curve of a scimitar, was shining. A long path from her to him-



Endymion heard Pan's reedy music.

self, the pale light streamed into the cave where Hermes laid him.

Down the mountainside, his sheep, not yet gathered into their fold, must be wandering. Just before he dropped finally into the long dream which he sought, it seemed to Endymion that he heard Pan's reedy music, then his voice:

"Come, poor sheep; I will take you home. For Endymion, beloved of the Moon, sleeps forever upon Latmos."

Psyche

CLANG!

The bronze doors of the palace opened wide.

Tantara! Tantara! Tantara!

The trumpeters, their golden horns to their lips and their heads tilted so haughtily that they could see nothing except leafy boughs and late afternoon sky, stalked proudly at the head of the procession.

“Hail! Hail! Hail to the bride!”

Maidens, whirling together in the festival dance, sang a joyous wedding song. Their pale robes fluttered about them; the wind snatched garlands from their hands to add to the carpet of flowers that marked the way from palace to temple. Children, like little loves, scattered roses, violets, hyacinths, and myrtle in their path. Surrounded by priests and acolytes, the great bull that was to be sacrificed stepped majestically among the garlands, lowing now and then. The king and queen, looking as if their hearts would burst with pride, marched just ahead of the wedding guests. And, last of all, attended by youths who made the wedding music with lyre and timbrel, came the three princesses.

They were the three most beautiful princesses in the world.

The eldest was being married to the king of a neigh-

boring country. How very beautiful she was! The throng that followed the pageant and the women who stood in doorways to see it pass, marveled at the sight of her.

The second princess, who was not yet a bride, followed her sister, and the clamor of tongues grew even louder. Certainly, said everyone, if there could be a choice between two of the most beautiful princesses in the world, the second was the lovelier.

Scarcely had this fact been agreed upon when the third princess, whose name was Psyche, appeared. A curious hush fell upon the crowds as they gazed upon her. Unable to say a word, they could only look in wonder and delight, for her beauty was of the kind that touches the heart. They found their tongues after the procession had passed on its way to the green altar and the wedding feast.

"She is more beautiful than beauty itself!" they whispered then. "She is more beautiful than Aphrodite!"

The gods, listening, were astonished. But Aphrodite was far away in the midst of the ocean, and for a time no word of this came to her ears.

Soon afterward, the betrothal of the second princess to another neighboring prince was announced. In due time the wedding day arrived, and in the late afternoon of that day a procession even more elaborate than that of the eldest princess left the palace on its way to the temple and the altar and the marriage feast. As before, the townsfolk lined the streets to watch the pageant. This time, the gods, listening when Psyche followed the bride, heard the whisper that swept like wildfire through the crowds.

"She is too beautiful to be a simple mortal!" the people declared. "She must be Aphrodite in human guise!"

And from that time forward, the more often this was said, the more firmly was it believed.

"The beautiful Psyche a princess?" people would exclaim. "Why, of course not! She is the goddess of beauty, Aphrodite herself."

Whenever she left the palace, all who saw her behaved toward her worshipfully, as if she were indeed the goddess who had risen from the foam of the ocean; for in spite of her youth, there was something about Psyche that compelled this feeling. When people looked at her they said that a bright, revealing light seemed to shine from her beautiful countenance into all the dark corners of their inmost selves, so that instantly the vague unhappinesses and doubts that are apt to trouble the minds of all men, caught flame and burned like lamps, in the glow of which each man was likely to ask himself such searching questions as, "Why?" and, "Wherefore?" concerning each decision of his life. Although there was no one to answer these questions for men, the very asking of them produced a lift of the heart that was like hope.

Psyche's fame spread rapidly. Soon it was not only the folk of her father's kingdom who worshiped her, but all who saw her or heard of her. Men came from far and near for a glimpse of her, and wherever she appeared she was accorded the same reverent yet ecstatic admiration. The altars of Aphrodite in the old, great temples were neglected. "For," said men, "Aphrodite walks the earth, and she is of a transcendent beauty

that we have never before associated with any other goddess."

The gods upon Olympus marveled at all this.

"It is something higher than mere beauty, something higher than themselves, that men are worshiping," they said. "How far these men have come from the shaggy creature that Prometheus made from clay and water! Perhaps that dream of his is coming true."

But Aphrodite, who by this time had been informed of all that had happened, was filled with anger, and sent for her son Eros, the mischievous god of love.

"Punish this Psyche for me, my son," said she. "See that she falls in love with something monstrous and evil, so that these absurd stories concerning her may be discredited."

Eros, nothing loath, obediently set out for earth.

And now the proud king and queen began to wonder why their most beautiful daughter was not sought in marriage. She had reached marriageable age, but no suitors had appeared to beg for her hand. They went, therefore, to the oracle of Apollo at Miletus, offering sacrifices and gifts, and asked for the god's advice.

"Tell us to what husband our daughter Psyche will be married," they asked.

And the oracle replied: "Psyche will have no mortal lover, but one of whom Zeus himself stands in awe; a monster for power, a serpent for wisdom, a tyrant to whom all the earth renders tribute."

If the king and queen were grief-stricken at this prophecy, they were even more distressed when the oracle commanded them, then, to prepare Psyche for her

wedding as though it were to be her funeral, and on her wedding day to take her to the top of a certain high precipice, where she was to wait alone for her strange and dreadful bridegroom. They dared not disobey the commands of Apollo, however, and so, heart-broken at the thought of her fate, they went home to make her ready.

On the appointed day the celebration of Psyche's marriage took place. But what a strange wedding procession it was! Townsfolk, listening in the starless dawn, heard the bronze doors of the palace swing wide once more, but the sound of them rang on the darkness like a funeral knell. Slow drums beat. Smoky torches cast a flickering light over the procession of black-clad mourners, over cypress boughs wavering in mist-hung air, over the pale face and slight figure of the bride. Above the throbbing accents of the drum, there could be heard the wailing of the people, the funeral chant, the sobs of the king and queen. Only Psyche showed no fear. She walked with proud step in the midst of the dark pageant, and when they came at last to the bare, high cliff where she was to be left to wait for her bridegroom, she urged the others to leave her quickly.

She was not afraid, she said, and yet, when the sound of footsteps, wailing voices, and drum had died away and she was quite alone, she began to tremble and weep a little, in spite of herself. For she recalled the words of the oracle: *A monster for power, a serpent for wisdom, a tyrant to whom all the earth renders tribute.*

She knelt upon the rock, covering her eyes with her hands.

The West Wind came over the cliff. Psyche looked up, half afraid when she felt his fingers on her cheek, but his touch was kind, and there was suddenly a hopeful feeling in her heart. The fact was that something quite unheard-of and delightful had happened, but Psyche did not learn of that until much later. All she knew now was that the West Wind picked her up and, bearing her gently over the edge of the cliff, set her down in a deep garden which she had never seen before. A stream ran through the garden; there were green lawns, quantities of flowers, and trees with thick foliage through which she could see towers and gleaming walls. She set out in the direction of the towers and walls, and in a few moments came within sight of a palace. It shone like an enormous jewel. Its walls were made of blocks of crusted gold, its towers were of crystal, and when she came near, she could see that the terraces were mosaics of precious stones. She went inside and found there luxurious furnishings beyond anything she had ever imagined.

She knew that she was not alone. She could see no one; nevertheless, sweet voices and kind hands assisted her. They led her to a delightful apartment, where she rested, bathed, and arrayed herself in gorgeous attire. Her invisible attendants brought delicious food and played soft music for her pleasure. When night came she went to sleep, almost happy. And from that time on, enchanted days and nights flowed quietly into one another, so that Psyche forgot to think of the dreadful bridegroom whom she had not yet seen.

He made himself known to her on an evening in the dark of the moon. Psyche, leaning on one of the terraces

overlooking the garden, was thinking somewhat sadly of her old home, her father, mother, and sisters, whom she might never see again, when a voice that she had not heard before, said: "But you cannot be lonely, Psyche, for I am with you all the time."

"Who are you?" Psyche asked curiously. She thought it strange that she felt no terror at this unusual circumstance, but the voice was wonderfully seductive and reassuring.

"I am your husband," the invisible one answered. "It was not the plan of the gods who destined us for each other that I should ever love anyone, but it has happened in spite of them. From the moment I first saw you, I have loved you tenderly."

And then he told her how he had arranged the garden and the palace for her and had sent the West Wind to bring her to the place.

"You cannot be a tyrant, then," said Psyche. "Are you the dreadful monster the oracle described? Let me see your face."

"No, Psyche," he answered. "You must believe that I am what I seem, or I will have to leave you forever. Never ask my name nor seek to see my face."

She had to be content with that. He came every night when it was quite dark, and she soon discovered that he was more wonderful than anyone whom she had ever known. He was so wise and good and so charming that each day she became more sure that she could never live without him.

But one day, when he was not near her, she heard a strange sound and, going to the garden wall, she looked up to the cliff from the top of which the West Wind had

borne her to this paradise, and heard clearly the wails and moans of her two sisters.

"Oh, Psyche! Psyche!" they wept. "What has happened to you? We are desolate, thinking of your fate!"

She knew that the garden and palace were invisible to them, as they had been to her. And that night she told her husband of what she had heard and begged him to allow her sisters to visit her.

"It will be the end of our happiness, Psyche," he answered sadly. "Do not ask it."

But she wept until he said, "The West Wind will bring them to you tomorrow. But mind, sweet Psyche, you must never ask my name nor seek to see my face."

The next morning when the elder sisters had come again to the top of the cliff to mourn, the West Wind lifted them gently from the rock where they stood and brought them down to the glorious garden and the palace that glittered like a jewel in the sun.

Bewildered at this adventure, they did not know which way to turn, till Psyche ran down the steps of the palace to greet them and, drawing them inside with happy tears and embraces, showed them all her riches. Soft voices ministered to them and sang sweet music for their entertainment; invisible hands brought them delicious food, and Psyche filled their laps with jewels and gold.

"But the terrible bridegroom?" they asked, amazed at all they saw and heard. "What of him, dear sister?"

"Oh," said Psyche, blushing a little at her knowledge of the truth, yet reluctant to confess that she had never seen him, "he is no monster, but the fairest prince imaginable, quite young and very handsome."

When the day was over, she called the West Wind, as her husband had told her to do, and bade him take her sisters home. This he did, bearing them, laden with priceless gifts, to the top of the cliff in the manner in which he had brought them.

But now these two false creatures were filled with envy.

"How haughty Psyche has become!" they said to each other. "She conducts herself as if she were a goddess. The whole thing is very queer."

The next time they wished to visit her, they went to the top of the cliff and threw themselves down without waiting to see if Psyche had sent for them. The West Wind was there, however, by Psyche's bidding, and catching them in his arms, brought them safely to the palace in the garden. They looked about greedily, wondering how it would be possible to get all this splendor for themselves.

"This husband of yours, dear sister," they inquired again, "what is he like?"

"He is much older than I," Psyche answered, forgetting what she had told them the first time. "He is very wise and learned."

"Aha!" the two sisters whispered to each other, "she has never seen him!"

And after that, as often as they came they dropped the seeds of fear and distrust into Psyche's heart.

"All that he has given you," they would say, "is designed to lull your suspicions. When he is ready, he will turn and devour you."

When they were gone and the dark night was come and the husband, whom she had never seen, was in the

palace, Psyche forgot all distrust and fear in the magic of his presence. Nevertheless, her happiness was clouded, if ever so little.

"Send away these terrible creatures who are malice and envy incarnate," her husband implored her. "They will destroy you, Psyche."

But Psyche trembled and wept and said, "They are my sisters. Let them come again."

Every time they came they implanted new fears and new reasons for doubt in Psyche's heart, till she asked herself, as they did, "If he is truly kind and good and loving, if he is neither a monster nor a serpent nor a tyrant who plots against me, why should he refuse to let me see him?"

At last, when the sisters thought that by their repeated suggestions they had frightened Psyche sufficiently, they urged her to save herself from the terrible fate which hung over her.

"Remember," they said, "he was to be a monster for power, a serpent in wisdom, and a tyrant over all the world. You must learn the truth before it is too late, Psyche; tonight."

Then they told her exactly what to do.

That night, accordingly, when he had come and was, by the sound of his regular breathing, fast asleep, Psyche, armed with a sharp knife to protect herself from the monster whom she was persuaded she would find, brought a lighted lamp into the room, determined to look at her husband, who had forbidden her to ask his name or seek to see his face. She was so filled with frightful suspicions placed in her mind by envy and malice that she expected to see some terrifying ogre.

But when the rays of the small lamp fell upon the couch where her husband lay asleep, she saw, instead, a sight so charming that she almost exclaimed aloud in her delight. On the silken cushions there lay asleep, Eros, the god of love. It could be no one else. He was as slender and youthful as a boy, but far more beautiful than any mortal being. She knew him by the soft, golden curls, the delightfully mischievous yet tender face, the quiver of golden arrows and the little golden bow that lay at the foot of the couch, and, most surely of all, by the small, delicate, rosy-feathered wings, folded now, but shining in the lamplight.

As she leaned nearer to look at him adoringly, one drop of burning oil fell from the lamp upon his shoulder, and Eros, wounded, opened his eyes. He felt the pain; he saw the lamp; he saw the anxious face of poor little Psyche, looking down upon him in love and terror to think of what she had done; he saw the cruel, sharp knife.

He sprang from the couch and, before she could move, was poised in one of the high windows of the room.

"Ah, Psyche!" he reproached her sadly. "Could you not have faith? Before I leave, let me tell you something unheard-of and amusing. My mother, Aphrodite, sent me to find for you some monstrous husband. But could you guess what happened? In the moment when I first saw you, I drew an arrow from my quiver and, quite by accident, wounded myself upon it. For the first time I, Eros, know what it is to love! Is not that an exquisite joke?" He laughed ruefully. "But now it is all destroyed," he said. "I may never see you again."

Then, before she could stop him or even lift her voice to beg for his forgiveness, he was gone.

Frantic with remorse, she set out at once to find him. But Eros was a god, as she was well aware now, and she was only a mortal. Where should she look for him? How could she ever find him? She had scarcely left the palace when the thought occurred to her: Perhaps it would be necessary for him to seek her out, if they were to meet again. And in her despair she flung herself into the river that flowed through the enchanted garden.

The pitying water would not let her drown. It bore her out upon its waves to a grassy bank, where it lifted her gently and laid her upon a bed of herbs. Not far away she heard the reedy pipes of Pan, the god of field and forest. He was sitting on the riverbank, teaching the nymph Echo to play the Pan pipes, but as soon as they saw Psyche, the two came over to her.

"Ah, yes," said the wise and merry god of the fields, "it is poor little Psyche, poor little soul, who was destined to drive love away because she let malice and envy fill her heart with distrust. Come now, Psyche, you have a long journey before you. Begin it at once. Never rest till you find Eros again. And even if you never find him, believe in him with all your heart."

Those were comforting words to her; they promised nothing, yet everything. And so, leaving Pan and the nymph and their riverbank, Psyche set out on her quest.

In the meantime a sea gull had brought Aphrodite the news that her son lay grievously ill of a wound inflicted by a mortal, and the goddess was more angry than ever.

She returned to her palace with all speed, imprisoned the wounded Eros in a carefully guarded apartment, and sent word to the gods to find Psyche and deliver her up. The gods, regretful, and yet too loyal to one of their number to refuse, were still further distressed when they learned that the first refuge Psyche had sought, was one of their temples.

She had wandered far and was almost overcome with weariness when she saw the white walls and pillars of a great edifice at the top of a hill, and, recognizing it as a temple of one of the gods, she went up to it and walked in.

"If I serve this god, whatever god he may be," she thought, "perhaps he may help me to find Eros."

The temple was empty of worshipers or priests, but on the marble floor there lay heaps of grain and seed, with sheaves of wheat and barley and piles of scythes and hooks and reapers' baskets, all lying together in the greatest confusion.

"Here is something I can do," she said to herself, and she began to sort out the grain and seed and put the knives, baskets, and pruning hooks in order. She had not worked long, however, before Demeter, whose temple it was, appeared and warned her most earnestly to fly for her life.

"Aphrodite seeks to destroy you, Psyche," Demeter said, "for you have roused her bitter anger."

"Let me hide here, great Demeter," Psyche implored the goddess. "I am terribly afraid."

But Demeter refused sadly.

"I am a goddess and must not defy my own kind, though my heart aches for you," she answered.

Driven thus from the temple of Demeter, poor Psyche was about to descend the hill upon which the temple stood, when, looking toward a leafy grove far down the valley, she saw the gleam of white marble among the trees and could make out the roof and the curiously wrought pillars of another temple half hidden among green boughs.

Hopeful once more, she went down to the grove and entered the sacred building. On the front of the temple the name of Hera, queen of the gods, was graven in gold, and rich offerings and hangings and precious stones and splendid furnishings testified to the power of the goddess.

Psyche knelt, weeping, at the altar, and Hera, pitying her, came to speak to her.

"I cannot help you, child," said Hera, "for Aphrodite is a goddess as I am, and we cannot turn against each other. Fly for your life, for she seeks to destroy you."

Then Psyche rose from the altar and went away.

"Aphrodite seeks to destroy me," she said to herself, "but it is not unlikely that I may find Eros in her house. I will throw myself upon her mercy. What if she does mistreat and kill me? I am nothing without the husband whom I have wounded and estranged."

Strengthened by this courageous resolution, she set out immediately to find the shrine of Aphrodite.

Such splendid rewards were now being offered to anyone who would find and bring Psyche to the goddess that a great hue and cry had been raised, and everywhere she went, the weary and despairing girl found that men were searching for her. Nevertheless, she

passed, silent and unrecognized, until she came to the very door of the house of Aphrodite. Just as she was about to enter, one of the most disagreeable of the servants of the goddess, a grim creature whose name was Custom, saw her, and, dashing out with great energy, seized and dragged her into the presence of his mistress.

"At last!" Aphrodite cried angrily. "At last, I see the wretched girl who would rob me of my son and usurp my place at my own altars! I suppose you expect me to treat you as my daughter, and you may be sure that I shall do so. Here are two handmaidens for you."

With her cruelest smile, she called up two gray-clad figures, whose names were Sorrow and Anxiety, and bade them never leave the unhappy Psyche. Then, heaping abuse and unkindness upon her, the goddess led the captive to a vast granary upon the floor of which there were scattered heaps of wheat, millet, poppy seed, peas, lentils, and beans, all mixed together.

"Sort these seeds and grains for me, girl," she said haughtily, "and see that your task is done before night-fall, when I shall return from a banquet with the gods."

She vanished; and Psyche, overcome by the harshness of her treatment and by the impossibility of the task before her, knelt beside the piles of grain.

"Where shall I start?" she wondered frantically. "I can never accomplish this task!"

But as she knelt there, hopeless of being able to save herself, an ant that had been running about the floor, went to her sisters, all the ants of the fields, and said to them, "Let us help her who is beloved of Eros. She is a daughter of earth, as we are."

At once the ants began to come in hordes, in columns

like an army, and, hurrying here and there among the grain and seeds, they divided them expertly, sorting out each kind and heaping it up, each in its own place. When they had finished their work, they disappeared.

At nightfall Aphrodite returned from the banquet, wreathed in roses and filling the dark granary with the perfume of her robes. When she saw that Psyche's task was done, she was very angry.

"I see that Eros has found a way to help you!" she exclaimed bitterly. "I shall see that it does not happen again!"

She threw a crust of brown bread to poor Psyche, and then went off to see that her son was even more closely guarded than before, for she feared that by some clever trick the lovers would find a way to communicate with each other. Psyche lay all night upon the granary floor, and at the first flush of dawn, Aphrodite sent for her.

"You should be equal to another task, since you are, apparently, so diligent," the goddess said scornfully. "On the other side of the river yonder, there are sheep feeding in a pasture. They are untamed and very large, and their fleece shines like gold. Bring me some of that golden fleece."

Obediently, Psyche went down to the riverbank and, looking across the stream, saw the sheep with golden fleece, dangerous, great sheep herded by no man. In despair, she realized that the goddess had given her another task that she could not accomplish. But as she stood in tears, wondering what she should do, a green reed growing in the water began to sing to her.

"Wait, Psyche!" the reed sang. "Wait, Psyche, loved of

Eros! Hide here in the shade of this plane tree till mid-day; then, when the great, wild sheep, who would tear you in pieces, lie in the meadow to sleep, you may creep unseen among the bushes, and gather locks of golden fleece that have been caught upon the thorns."

Psyche waited until midday, as the reed had said, and when the sheep were drowsing in the shady places of the pasture, she crept among the bushes where they had been feeding, filled her apron with locks of golden fleece that had been caught upon the briers and thorns, crossed the river once more, and returned to the palace, unharmed. But the goddess, when she saw that Psyche had been successful, was more angry than ever.

"This is not your doing, girl," she cried, "but the interference of that wretched son of mine! He has once again found a way to help you. We shall prove if you have so much courage and prudence as you would have us think!"

So saying, she gave Psyche a phial of carved crystal and, pointing out a cliff over the edge of which there plunged a great waterfall, she ordered her: "Fill for me this vessel with water from the middle of the spring above that torrent."

Psyche took the crystal phial and went to the top of the cliff, but when she tried to reach the spring above it, she saw that any attempt to fill the jar would result in certain death. On either side of the dark cavern from which the water poured, there rose jagged, slippery rocks; upon the rocks two frightful dragons crawled, stretching their necks greedily from side to side; between the rocks the water rushed out in such a deep and rapid flood that if she could succeed, by some

miracle, in escaping the dragons, the torrent would inevitably sweep her away and over the edge of the precipice.

Too terrified to move or weep, she stood as though turned to stone till she was roused from her trance of fright by voices that seemed to come from the waters themselves.

"Away, Psyche!" the voices cried. "This is the River of Death!"

At the same moment a great golden eagle came sailing down from the sky, flying close above her head and circling round and round her. He was the most beautiful bird she had ever seen, so smooth and shining of plumage, so large and graceful, and so strong that it was impossible to imagine him a bird of earth. And as he flew near her, he spoke.

"Psyche, loved of Eros," said the eagle, "would you brave the poisonous spring that feeds the River of Death? Give me your phial."

Taking the vessel from her hands, he carried it in his beak, past the dragons and into the mouth of the cave; then, having filled it from the icy middle of the spring, he brought it back to her, put it in her hands, and vanished swiftly in the heavens whence he had come.

Grateful and overjoyed, Psyche returned to the goddess with the water of the spring. But when Aphrodite saw that this task, also, had been accomplished, she was beside herself with anger.

"Witch!" she stormed. "This was not done by your cunning alone, but by the connivance of that disobedient son of mine! He still loves you in spite of all!" Then, speaking more craftily, she added, "If you are indeed

such a sorceress, you will have no difficulty with the last errand I shall give you. Take this box to Persephone in the palace of Aïdoneus, lord of the dead, and ask her to send me in it, one day's supply of beauty."

In utter desperation, Psyche went to the top of a high tower, intending to throw herself down from it and die.

"For," she reasoned to herself, "if I must go down to the Kingdom of the Dead, there is no way except to die."

But, as she stood trembling on the parapet of the high tower, the tower itself began to speak, as though inspired.

"Courage!" said the tower. "Do not give up in the face of the last trial of all, Psyche. Listen, and I will tell you the safe way for your journey and return.

"Go to Taenarus in Laconia. There, in the wilderness, you will find a cleft in a hillside. Enter it, for at a little distance from its mouth you will find the straight path that leads to the kingdom of Aïdoneus. But do not go unprepared, else you will not be able to return. Place between your lips two pieces of silver, and take two barley cakes soaked in honey, one in either hand.

"When you have gone some distance into the earth, you will meet a lame ass carrying a load of faggots, and a lame fellow driving him. The driver will ask you to help him pick up sticks that have fallen from his pack, but you must neither help him nor speak to him, for this is a trick of your enemy to make you lose your silver pieces and the barley cakes.

"Pass silently till you come to the dark river Styx, the River of Death. There the old ferryman, Charon, will meet you. Give him one piece of silver, but make him

take it from your mouth with his own hand. While you are in the ferryboat, you will see an old man swimming toward you, who will beg you to take him with you in the boat. Neither allow him to get into the boat nor speak to him, for this is but another of Aphrodite's tricks to destroy you.

"When you come to the opposite side of the river, you will find a number of old women weaving, who will implore you to stop and help them. Pass silently as before, till you reach the gates of the palace of Persephone. There, before the portal, lies the fierce, three-headed dog, Cerberus, who guards the entrance day and night. Throw him one of the barley cakes, and he will let you enter unharmed.

"Once in the palace of Persephone, tell her what you want, eat nothing except a morsel of brown bread, and sit only on the bare ground. When she has given you the box once more, return to earth as you came, giving the second barley cake to Cerberus as you pass him, and the silver piece to Charon, who will ferry you across. But, above all, do not look in the box nor try to discover the secret contained therein."

Psyche came down from the tower and did all that it had bidden her. Having found the cleft in the hillside at Taenarus, she laid two pieces of silver between her lips and, holding a barley cake soaked in honey upon the palm of either hand, she entered the dark place.

Just beyond the secret, hidden entrance, overgrown with brambles and disguised by fallen rocks, the road began to widen out, descending somewhat steeply toward the center of the earth. She followed it as swiftly



Cerberus let Psyche pass through unharmed.

as she could, and everything happened as the tower had foretold. She met the lame fellow driving the lame ass, but when the man asked her to pick up faggots that had fallen from the load his beast was carrying, Psyche neither spoke nor turned aside, but passed on silently. She came to the dark river where Charon waited for her, and as the tower had directed her to do, she gave him one of the two silver pieces, requiring him to take it from her lips with his own hand. From the middle of the stream, there swam toward her the old man who begged to be taken in the boat, but she did not answer. On the opposite bank were the weavers, who asked her to stop and help them, but she went silently to the gate where the fierce three-headed dog, Cerberus, waited. She threw him one of the barley cakes, and he let her pass through, unharmed. And when she had come to the palace, Persephone met her graciously and agreed to send Aphrodite the gift she had requested. Psyche refused to eat anything except a morsel of brown bread and would sit nowhere but on the bare ground. Then Persephone filled the box secretly, and Psyche returned as she had come: she gave the dog, Cerberus, the second 'barley cake, and Charon the second piece of silver, and so was ferried safely across, and came without mishap up the long, dark way to the entrance of Taenarus and the land of the living once more.

But, as she saw the light of day and felt the warmth and freshness of the air upon her face again, all her caution left her.

"If," she thought to herself, "it is true, as the tower hinted, that this is the last of my trials and I am to see Eros soon again, how foolish it would be for me not to

avail myself of every means to make myself beautiful for that meeting! Here in my hand I hold a day's supply of beauty for a goddess. Might I not have just the least touch of it for Eros' sake?"

She opened the box ever so little, intending to take no more than a look at its contents. The little casket seemed to be quite empty. Astonished at that, Psyche opened it wide, and, as she did so, a strange, cold, drowsy breath rose from it, enveloping her in a thick and smothering cloud. And, wrapped in the sleep of death, Psyche fell lifeless among the weeds and brambles of Taenarus.

Eros was well again. At the first opportunity, when his attendants were less watchful than usual, he had climbed to a high window of his locked apartment, and, squeezing himself through the bars, he had flown away. Now, he came straight to the place where Psyche lay. He wiped the sleep from her face and shut it up in the box again. Then, touching her gently with the tip of a golden arrow, he waked her.

"Ah, Psychel!" he cried anxiously as soon as she had opened her eyes, "that terrible curiosity of yours has almost been the ruin of us once more! But there is no time to lose. Take this box to my mother without fear, and in the meantime, I will do what I can to resolve all our difficulties."

Then, while Psyche hastened to Aphrodite with the box, Eros sped to Olympus, laid the whole story before Zeus, and implored his aid.

Zeus called all the gods together, not excepting Aphrodite. When they had come, he spoke to them.

"There is a mortal whom Eros loves," he said. "From the first we have betrayed our delight in her. She has endured suffering and danger for the sake of Eros, whom she loves. She would have braved the River of Death; she went down to the palace of Persephone, whence mortals rarely return. Is there not something in this frail creature that we have not known before?"

"I have loved her all along," said the earth goddess in her tranquil, thrilling voice. "It was I who sent the ants to help her."

"We have loved her, too," the Muses chorused. "We sang to her through the green reed in the river."

"I," said Hermes, his mischievous eyes twinkling at the recollection, "I set Pan in her way when she might have despaired of her undertaking. And I whispered to the eagle of Zeus when she was in danger."

"And I, myself, spoke to her in the tower," said Zeus. "Go, Hermes, and bring Psyche to Olympus. And I command you, Aphrodite, my daughter, put away your hatred of her and accept her as one of ourselves."

As soon as Psyche had come, Zeus gave her a cup of immortality, which he bade her drink.

"I have given you the husband whom, through the oracle of Apollo, I promised you, Psyche," the greatest of the gods said to her. "He is Eros, or Love, monstrously powerful, wise as a serpent, and such a tyrant that I, Zeus, am sometimes helpless before him. Nevertheless, you and he together may find something very near perfection. And I promise you a child whose name shall be Joy."

Then was there a great feast and rejoicing among the gods. The Muses and Apollo sang; the Hours, the

Graces, and the Seasons danced. And hand in hand with Eros, Psyche sat in the assembly of the immortal gods.

ZEUS, to himself upon Olympus:

On that day when Prometheus showed me the man whom he had made, a being something like a bear, something like an ape, a clumsy, slow-witted creature about whom there was nothing beautiful or godlike, I was bitterly disappointed. But time has passed, and man has striven and sought and suffered and endured; and with it all, he has changed ever so gradually from the animal that he was, grubbing in the forest for his food by day, cowering in caves at night. He has become a being capable of sacrifice, of loyalty, of courage, of aspiration, of seeing and loving what is highest and of daring everything for the sake of it. The spirit of this human being is incredibly fearless and noble. It seems at times more ancient and enduring than myself or old Time, whom I drove from his throne, or the earth goddess; as though, indeed, it were a part of some Power much older and stronger than ourselves.

Above the sound of Apollo's harp and the songs of the Muses, I hear the song of the Fates, vast and faraway, the sisters who weave and sing at the center of the world: Clotho, who spins, Lachesis, who measures, and Atropos, who cuts the thread of destiny. I have heard their song since the beginning; but today they no longer sing Olympus and the greatest of the gods; they sing the soul of man.

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